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PATRICIA THOMSON

Wyatt and the School of Serafino

THAT PETRARCH is Wyatt's main source is beyond dispute, and his relation to Petrarchism in general has been thoroughly explored.[1] In this article, I shall concentrate on Wyatt's comparatively neglected connection with the Charitean Petrarchans: Benedetto Gareth or "Il Chariteo" (1450-1514), Antonio Tebaldi or "Il Tebaldeo" (1463-1537), and Serafino de' Ciminelli or Serafino Aquilano (1466-1500). Serafino is the chief of this group.

Between Petrarch's death in 1374 and Wyatt's visit to Italy in 1527 Italian Petrarchanism had passed through three distinct phases: the derivative phase of the first half of the fifteenth century (Giusto de' Conti, Buonaccorso da Montemagno, Rosello Roselli); the "conceited" or Charitean phase of the second half of the fifteenth century (Chariteo, Tebaldeo, Serafino); and the "purist" or Bembist phase of the early sixteenth century (Bembo, Veronica Gambara, Vittoria Colonna). Mario Praz, discussing all three phases in relation to English poetry, points out that the Petrarchism imported by Wyatt (and Surrey) was "already tinged with Serafino's conceits."[2] But Serafino's influence, though generally acknowledged, has been given little detailed attention by critics other than Praz and Sergio Baldi.[3] It has

[1] Wyatt's direct debt to Petrarch, manifest in fifteen translations and ten adaptations from the *Rime*, is by far his greatest. Next in bulk is his debt to Serafino, who provides the originals of five translations and four adaptations.

[2] *The Flaming Heart* (New York, 1958) p. 6; cf. Praz's *Storia della letteratura inglese* (Florence, 1957) p. 42.

[3] Baldi's excellent short account of Serafino and Wyatt is in his *La poesia di Sir Thomas Wyatt* (Florence, 1957), pp. 191-199. Antonio Cecchini's *Serafino Aquilano e la lirica inglese del '500* (Aquila, 1935), though more detailed, is less useful because written from the point of view of an admirer of Serafino rather than a student of English literary history.

also been strongly deplored; Hyder E. Rollins' opinion is a common one:

> Wyatt seldom failed to admire the worst features of his Italian masters, and by translating their stiff figures and images he set a bad example that helped to deform English poetry . . . It may be that he admired the conceited poems of Petrarch and Serafino because they could be easily translated.[4]

The Bembists of Wyatt's own day also objected to Chariteanism. Pietro Bembo (1470-1547) led the revolt not only against its deformed style but against its eroticism and its cult of the strambotto. In all respects Chariteanism appeared a distortion of the original Petrarchan tradition, which Bembo attempted to restore. For Wyatt, however, this form of Petrarchism had a positive value easily missed by the critics who concentrate on its deformities.

In the first place, Chariteanism probably represented a reaction against the derivative writing of Petrarch's immediate successors; Giusto de' Conti's poems on his Elizavetta, written in 1440, are largely a mosaic of phrases and ideas from Petrarch. The Chariteans' impulse to seek novelty of expression and also to write of love-making as well as of love, if objectionable, is at least understandable. Chariteo's sequence, *Endimion* (1506), is no servile copy of the sonnets to Laura. His strong predilection for the pagan love poets, Propertius, Tibullus, Catullus, Ovid, and Horace, modified the attitude toward the love theme derived from Petrarch. Petrarch's well-known sonnet "Levommi il mio penser" (No. CCCII) describes a vision of Laura who, taking her forlorn lover's hand, assures him that he will be with her, one day, in Heaven:

> Per man mi prese e disse—In questa spera
> Sarai ancor meco, se'l desir non erra.[5]

Chariteo's wish-fulfillment dream is of the beloved's face and mouth, of their "amorous sweetness," and of his victorious embrace:

> Quest'è pur quella fronte alta & gioconda
> D'amorosa dolcezza hor mi circonda . . .
> Hor ne le braccia io tengo il corpo adorno
> D'ogni valor, hor son con la mia dea,
> Hor mi concede Amor lieta vittoria.[6]

Wyatt obviously has more in common with Chariteo. As a translator he ignores Petrarch's transcendental visions. Chariteo's sonnet is in

[4] Introduction to *Tottel's Miscellany* (Cambridge, Mass., 1928-29) I, 101.

[5] Text and numbering of Petrarch's poems is taken from *Le Rime*, ed. G. Carducci and S. Severino (Florence, 1899, reprinted 1957).

[6] Sonnet XV from Chariteo's *Le Rime*, ed. E. Percopo, 2 vols. (Naples, 1892).

harmony with Wyatt's own "Vnstable dreme" of "tasted swetenes" (No. 79, a translation from Filosseno),[7] and with the "amorosa dolcezza" of "They flee from me" (No. 37):

> but ons in speciall,
> In thyn arraye after a pleasaunt gyse,
> When her lose gowne from her shoulders did fall,
> And she me caught in her armes long and small;
> Therewithall swetely did me kysse,
> And softely saide, *dere hert, how like you this?* [8]

The popularity of the strambotto as a literary medium also dates from Chariteo's adoption of it about 1480. The original Sicilian folk song had been formed of eight hendecasyllabic lines, their two rhymes alternating *ab ab ab ab*. The first five of Chariteo's strambotti follow the pattern of this *ottava siciliana*, while the remaining twenty-seven adopt the more modern one of the *ottava toscana*, distinguished by its final couplet: *ab ab ab cc*. The predominant musical unit in both is the distich. There is also a pause at the end of the fourth line, to rest the singer's voice and, often, to introduce fresh material. But the quatrain division remains subordinate to the distich. Consequently there can be little comparison between the eight lines of the strambotto and those of the commonest type of Italian sonnet-octave, with its two "enclosed" quatrains, *abba abba*. And, perhaps more surprisingly, the strambotto is not related to the ottava rima stanza inherited by Ariosto from Boccaccio. Though metrically identical, these are independent literary forms, the one essentially narrative, the other lyrical. In Chariteo's hands the strambotto became a more sophisticated version of what had been a slight love song, its style rather mannered, its matter by no means lofty. His strambotti are mainly a courtier's protests against the cruel lady who is driving him to death:

> Donna crudel, per culpa vostra & mia
> Si perderà quest'alma desperata.
> (No. XIII)

[7] Text and numbering of Wyatt's poems from Kenneth Muir's edition (London, 1949).

[8] Miss A. K. Foxwell's wish to bring Wyatt's ideals into line with Castiglione perhaps accounts for her extraordinary interpretation of this episode as an orthodox social encounter: "the kiss was the ordinary form of salutation amongst the upper classes of Wiat's day"; see her edition of *The Poems of Sir Thomas Wiat* (London, 1913) II, 88. Her whole case for the influence of Castiglione's ideas, and especially of his "platonism," is highly questionable (*ibid.*, pp. vi-viii). Wyatt was not in touch with the sublime rhapsodizing and Platonizing of Castiglione, Bembo, and the Bembists; e.g., Bembo's Sonnet XV, "O immagine mia celeste e pura," finds no echo in Wyatt; nor does the discourse on the "holy fire" of true love in *Il Cortegiano* (1528).

Such is the form inherited by Serafino, and, ultimately, by Wyatt and his French contemporaries. It is reckoned the most important lyric development in the courtly poetry of the fifteenth century. And, as a light yet sophisticated form filling a gap left by Petrarch's *Rime,* it must obviously have answered a need.

Wyatt wrote about thirty poems in this form, and they appear to derive from the strambotto, not from Ariosto's stanza.[9] It is even possible that he shared Marot's and Scève's belief that the strambotto, rather than the sonnet, was Italy's main vehicle for love poetry.[10] But, however that may be, the strambotto certainly provided Wyatt with the easier and more familiar pattern. The distich unit is highly congenial to him, the interwoven rhyming and couplet already familiar. Metrically, rhyme royal (*ababbcc*) is not unlike the strambotto; and this was not only a dominant form in early sixteenth-century England, but also one in which Wyatt was particularly expert. By contrast, the commonest form of Italian sonnet manifests the enclosed quatrain, which is rare in English, and the tercet, which Wyatt had difficulty in handling.

An exaggeration of the rhetorical devices taken over from Petrarch is also incipient in Chariteo's poetry, but this notorious feature of fifteenth-century Petrarchism is better illustrated from the excesses of Tebaldeo's sonnets, which were first published in 1499. When Petrarch writes, antithetically, of the fire of his passion and the flood of his grief, the metaphors, though wittily handled, have as their main object the illumination of his feelings and thoughts. For instance, in "Quel foco ch'i' pensai che fosse spento" (No. IV), he examines himself in order to discover how far grief has killed his old passion, contrasting the two emotions strongly:

> Qual foco non avrian già spento e morto
> L'onde che gli occhi tristi versan sempre?

[9] There is little evidence of a debt to Ariosto. "From thes hye hilles" (No. 94), once said to derive from *Orlando Furioso,* XXXVII, 110, has been shown to be closer to a passage (lines 7-15) in Capitolo V. This is in terza rima, and can have no bearing on Wyatt's structure in this eight-line "epigram," which, on the other hand, does follow a strambotto-like pattern. (Compare its structure with that of "The furyous gonne," No. 61, a translation of an Italian strambotto). It has also been suggested that "The wandering gadlyng" (No. 46) is in debt to *Orlando Furioso* i.11.5-8; but since the figure used there is traditional (traceable to Homer and Virgil), the case is probably one of analogy.

[10] See Joseph Vianey, *Le Pétrarquisme en France au XVI^e siècle* (Montpellier, 1909), pp. 43 ff., 61. Vianey dates French Bembism, in which the sonnet displaced the strambotto, from the publication of Du Bellay's *Olive* (1549). Sidney Lee stressed Wyatt's debt to the "huitains" of Marot and Saint-Gelais; see *The French Renaissance in England* (Oxford, 1910). But however strong this intermediate debt, the ultimate and main source remains the Italian strambotto.

Tebaldeo, on the other hand, treats the Petrarchan images and antitheses as literal realities, exaggerating them and relating them not to inner but to outer circumstances. "Cinto da le montagne alte e superbe," an account of the lover's life in the wilds, describes a flame of passion and fountains of tears so great that they actually melt the snow around him:

> E si gran fiamma me arde dentro e di fora
> E de gli occhi mi surgon due tal fonti
> Che non dura ove io sto la neue un hora.[11]

The contrast of heat and cold denotes, not an emotional conflict as in Petrarch, but an incredible freak of nature. The reader is impressed by ingenuity, not by insight. This "conceited" or, as Praz calls it, "flamboyant" style, modelled on Petrarch's rhetorical devices but excluding their sense and psychological value, has been subject to severe criticism. It is fantastic, absurd, artificial, hyperbolical, and, through repetition by Tebaldeo's successors, it also became trite. In spite of the Bembist attack, it had not lost all its appeal by 1527, nor is Wyatt likely to have been among its critics. On the contrary, his handling of Petrarch sometimes suggests a predilection for this manner.[12] "I fynde no peace and all my warr is done" (No. 26), from "Pace non trovo e non ho da far guerra" (No. CXXXIV), is a series of the prolix antitheses so dear to the Chariteans. Under the burden of new paradoxes, competing with each other in violence, Wyatt's meaning stands still:

> Withoute Iyen, I se; and withoute tong I plain;
> I desire to perisshe, and yet I aske helthe;
> I love an othre, and thus I hate my self;
> I fede me in sorrowe and laughe in all my pain.

Even without an examination of particular debts, a general compatibility between Wyatt and the Chariteans is suggested by Wyatt's liking for flamboyant conceits, his frequent use of the strambotto, and the general tone of his poetry, which is that of the amorous courtier rather than the serious "philosopher" of love. It is not surprising, therefore, that he found inspiration in Serafino, the chief of the Chariteans.

Serafino's popularity needs to be understood in terms of contemporary tastes (Wyatt's included), not in terms of Bembist or modern

[11] Text from *Soneti & capitoli di misser Antonio Thebaldeo* (Modena, 1500).

[12] The point, often made, surely does not apply to all Wyatt's choices from Petrarch. Most Italian critics, however, insist that Wyatt picked on the "worst" (i.e., the most conventional, rhetorical, and conceited) manner of Petrarch; e.g., Carlo Segrè, *Relazioni letterarie fra Italia e Inghilterra* (Florence, 1911) pp. 84-85. The inferiority of Wyatt's versions, compared with their originals, is also emphasized; see p. 87.

criticism. At Serafino's death in 1500 the most popular poet of the day was mourned. He was the youngest of the three major Chariteans, and also the first to die. His funeral in Rome was attended, according to his friend and biographer, Vincentio Calmeta, "con grande honore, pompa e compagnia."[13] He had been welcomed by such poets as Chariteo, Tebaldeo, Sannazaro, and Pontano, and courted by such patrons as Ferdinand II of Naples, Cardinal Sforza, Isabella d'Este, the Duke of Mantua, and the Duchess of Urbino. The first edition of his *Opere*, posthumously published in 1502, was followed, in 1504, by the joint publication of Calmeta's biography and a collection of elegies.[14] Outside Italy his reputation was to become almost equally phenomenal; Jean Lemaire de Belges, his first French follower, considered Serafino the equal of Dante and Petrarch.[15]

It was generally recognized that Serafino outstripped his fellow Chariteans. Calmeta describes his emulation of Tebaldeo, whom he met about 1494 among the brilliant crowd at Isabella d'Este's court and who was then at the height of his fame: "che'l suppremo culme tenneva." To Chariteo's famous strambotti he was introduced by his friend, Andrea Cascia, who sang them to the lute. Serafino at once adopted the form, and devoted himself to it with such enthusiasm that he soon gained a reputation for the felicity of his style as a strambottist: "in quello stile hebbe somma felicitade." It remained his favorite medium; his strambotti number 350 or more, his sonnets less than 150.[16]

Serafino owed his success to his cultivation of popular taste: "ad ogni cosa che potesse el vulgo tirare in ammiratione lo ingegno accomodava." But he was first and foremost a musician, who, in his youth, had learned Petrarch's poems by heart and sung them with his lute. His own poems, which, in spite of his ambition, he did not collect or

[13] *Vita Del Facondo Poeta Vulgare Seraphino Aquilano* (1504), from which this and the following quotations are taken. The biography is reprinted in M. Menghini's edition of Serafino's *Rime* (Bologna, 1894) I, 1-15. Unfortunately, Menghini's edition does not proceed beyond the "Sonnets, Eclogues and Epistles" of Vol. I. Quotations from the poems will therefore be taken from a comparatively complete sixteenth-century edition, *Opera Dello elegantissimo Poeta Seraphino Aquilano* (Florence, 1516). The sonnets will be indicated by their numbers, the strambotti by page references. And, since the text is hard to come by, quotations will be as ample as possible.

[14] *Collettanee Grece Latine et Vulgare per diversi Autori Moderni nella morte del lardente Serafino Aquilano,* made by G. P. Achillinio and dedicated to the Duchess of Urbino.

[15] See Vianey, *op. cit.*, pp. 43-44.

[16] The figures are approximate; 500 strambotti have been attributed to Serafino; of the sonnets Menghini accepts 116 as genuine; the 1516 edition prints 364 strambotti and 165 sonnets.

publish, form no planned sequence of Petrarchan *canzoniere*. They are meant to serve occasions, to delight courts. Above all they are meant for performance, inseparable from their musical accompaniment. In their time they stirred the souls of all hearers, from the most learned to the most plebeian, because of Serafino's ardent delivery and the excellence of his judgment in fitting words to music: "Nel recitare de' soi poemi era tanto ardente e con tanto giuditio le parole con la musica consertava che l'animo de li ascoltanti, o dotti, o mediocri, o plebei, o donne egualmente commoveva."

The otherwise happy story of Serafino's success is marred only by quarrels with Cardinal Sforza and intermittent periods of wandering throughout Italy without a patron. Calmeta gives the impression that, socially, Serafino was a nonconformist, bitter at the indignity of having to sing for his supper, prone to satirize the vices of courts, loathing the Cardinal's zest for hunting, and merely veiling his dislike of the man—hence the savage skepticism which appears so oddly in the work of a primarily suave and witty poet.

Though there is no strict parallel with Wyatt's life as courtier and diplomat, these two Petrarchans obviously have much in common. The poetry of both is courtly, light, occasional, designed for lute accompaniment, not planned to formulate a consistent narrative or exposition of love. Both display worldliness and disillusion. As Sergio Baldi points out, Wyatt has a greater temperamental affinity to Serafino than to Petrarch.[17]

Like Wyatt, only to greater excess, Serafino delights in Charitean rhetoric. The exaggerated assertions of Sonnet CXXV equal any of Tebaldeo's: if Love had lost his shafts, supply could be found in the poet's heart; if the ocean bed were dried up, he could fill it with his tears; if Vulcan were short of flame or Aeolus of wind, his heart and sighs could furnish them. Again, like Wyatt, Serafino borrows whole poems from Petrarch. Both, for example, handle the allegorical intricacies of the popular seafaring sonnet, "Passa la nave mia" (No. CLXXXIX). Petrarch's boat is "colma d'oblio" (Wyatt: "charged with forgetfulnes"), Serafino's "carca di fede" (loaded with faith), while the oars in each case represent thoughts:

A ciascun remo un penser pronto e rio
(Petrarch)
And every owre a thought in redines
(Wyatt, No. 28)
Ciascun de remi è un pensier aspro e graue
(Serafino, fol. 140 recto)

[17] *Op. cit.*, p. 191.

Yet Petrarch's influence is not invariably felt in terms of servile imitation or frigid rhetoric, as the canzone "S'i'l dissi mai" (No. CCVI) and its derivatives in Serafino and Wyatt show. Here the model proves highly adaptable to the expression of those gallantries in which Serafino, Wyatt, and, presumably, their audiences delighted. It opens amidst a violent outcry, the lover's defense of himself against some charge which rumor has brought to Laura's ears: "he did not say what he is supposed to have said, but if he did, may he suffer for it":

S'i'l dissi mai, ch'i' vegna in odio a quella
Del cui amor vivo e senza'l qual morrei:
S'i'l dissi, ch'e' miei dí sian pochi e rei,
E di vil signoria l'anima ancella:
S'i'l dissi, contra me s'arme ogni stella . . .

And so on through fifty-nine lines, constantly reiterating the initial "if I said it" in a manner to suggest all the volubility of self-justification. Petrarch's brilliant rhetorical repetition, an example of the naturalness of much of his artifice, is turned to good purpose by Serafino and Wyatt. Serafino, compressing the long tirade into the eight lines of a strambotto, achieves a more formal, lucid, and trenchant effect:

Donna *se io dixi* mai contra tuo honore
Te mostri à me crudel sempre e piu bella.
Se io el dixi gran sospir me abrusci el core,
E nasca ognhor di me peggior novella.
Se io el dixi uenga in ira al Dio de amore,
E sii tu al mio uoler sempre ribella . . .
(Fol. 157 verso)

Wyatt recaptures the original diffuseness, the volubility, and the opening *in medias res.* Without explaining exactly what the offending words have been, he launches directly into a flood of protests:

Perdye *I saide yt* not
Nor never thought to do,
As well as I ye wott
I have no power thereto;
And *if I ded,* the lott
That first ded me enchaine
Do never slake the knott
But strayt it to my payne.

And *if I ded,* eche thing
That maye do harme or woo
Contynuallye may wring
My herte whereso I go . . .

Yf I saide so, eche sterre . . .

And *if I ded so saye* . . . etc.[18]
(No. 134)

The imitation of his rhetoric does not of necessity draw out the worst of Petrarch, deform the poetry modelled on his, or cramp the individual talent.

Serafino and Wyatt are, however, more akin to each other than either is to Petrarch; Baldi suggests that the mark of Serafino's influence is found in precisely those aspects of Wyatt's art that are most remote from Petrarch—the sharp, the sardonic, and the downright satirical.[19] Compare Serafino's "Contra Vna Vecchia," a derisive attack on the pretensions to beauty retained by the old, with Wyatt's abuse of an "old mule":

A Ha ha chi non ridesse
Duna si difforme e uecchia,
Che per bella ognhor si specchia
Pur come altri li credesse
A ha ha chi non ridesse.
(Fol. 204 verso)

Ye old mule, that thinck yourself so fayre,
Leve of with craft your beautie to repaire,
For it is time withoute any fable:
No man setteth now by riding in your saddell;
To muche travaill so do your train apaire,
Ye old mule!
(No. 35)

Wyatt had certainly read Serafino's poem, and picking up its jeering refrain, turned it to good effect in "Tanglid I was yn loves snare":

But ha, ha, ha, full well is me,
For I am now at libretye.
(No. 154)

Again he takes up the opening phrase of the "Canzona de la Patientia":

Patientia alla malora
poi che vòl cosí fortuna

Pacyence of all my smart,
Ffor fortune ys tornyd awry.[20]
(No. 118)

[18] Cecchini (*op. cit.*, p. 99) suggests that Wyatt's version is in debt to Serafino's. But the reference to Rachel and Lea (lines 45-46) derives from Petrarch's (line 55), a detail so exact as to prove that the canzone was his source. Wyatt owes nothing, unless it be encouragement, to Serafino's strambotto.

[19] *Op. cit.*, p. 191.

[20] This is not in the 1516 edition. For the text, see Menghini, *ed. cit.*, pp. xxiv-xxv.

If Petrarch also cries out against fortune, it is not with the acrimony of his two followers. To Serafino the world is full of deception; scum only is valued nowadays:

egli è pieno tutto d'inganni;
reputato è oggi i panni.

yt dothe well apere
My frend is tornyd my foo.

Both are poets rather of impatience than patience, overbearing opposition, consistently underrating, in a manner most unlike that of Petrarch's gentle lamentations. Miss Foxwell may be right in stating that Wyatt's "I abide and abide" (No. 160) is an adaptation of Serafino's "Lasso, oimè."[21] At any rate, both express the same irritation, that of being kept on a string by a lady (surely most unlike Laura) who raises but never satisfies hope and whose constant refrain is "wait":

ma s'io narro el mio dolore
tu rispondi ch'i'ò bon tempo.

And ever my ladye to me dothe saye:
'Let me alone and I will prouyde.'

The nagging monotony with which Serafino and Wyatt demand satisfaction is often directly dependent on the refrain, which both use with the skill of musicians, of setters of words to tunes. Serafino excells in the barzelletta, a form in which the opening phrase is repeated as a refrain; and this is also Wyatt's practice in "Fforget not yet" (No. 130) and "Disdain me not" (No. 177). Compare the following for both theme and lyrical effect:

Non mi negar signora
Di sporgermi la man
Chio uò date lontan.
Non mi negar signora
Una pietosa uista
Puó far chal duol resista
Questalma afflicta e trista
Che per te non mora.
Non mi negar signora
(Fol. 208 verso)

Refuse me not without cause why
Nor thynke me not to be vniust,
Synce that by lot of fantasye
The careful knot nedes knyt I must,
Refuse me not.
(No. 177)

[21] *Ibid.*, pp. xxvi-xxvii. For Miss Foxwell's note, see her edition of Wyatt, II, 48.

In the foregoing cases Wyatt was borrowing little, if anything, from Serafino. While suggesting that he read him attentively, they illustrate chiefly the general affinity between the two poets. Wyatt also experimented with Serafino's text. For example, he bases a sonnet upon two consecutive strambotti:

El cor ti diedi non che el tormentassi
Ma che fosse da te ben conseruato,
Seruo ti fui non che me abandonassi
Ma che fosse da te remeritato,
Contento fui che schiauo me acchatassi
Ma non di tal moneta esser pagato,
Hor poi che regan in te poca pietade
Non ti spiaccia sio torno in libertade.

La donna di natura mai si satia
Di dar effecto à ogni suo desyderio,
E sempre ti stà sopra con audatia
Del tuo martyr pigliando refrigerio,
Quanto piú humil vai tanto piú stratia
Perfin che thá sepulto in cymiterio,
Perche chi pone lo suo amor in femina
Zappa nel acqua & nella harena semina.
(Fol. 151 recto-151 verso)

My hert I gave the, not to do it payn,
But to preserue it was to the taken;
I serued the not to be forsaken,
But that I should be rewarded again.
I was content thy seruant to remayne,
But not to be payed vnder this fasshion.
Now syns in the is none othre reason
Displease the not if that I do refrain.

Vnsaciat of my woo and thy desire,
Assured be craft to excuse they fault;
But syns it please the to fain a default,
Farewell, I say, parting from the fyer:
For he that beleveth bering in hand
Plowithe in water, and soweth in the sand.
(No. 14)

In subject and tone these poems diverge from the sonnets to Laura. Both strambotti concern falling out of love, the first being a bitter explanation of the poet's decision to withdraw his affection, the second an attack on the sadism of women. Serafino does not fail to use the conventional terms of the Petrarchan complaint. He is—or has been—the "slave" (schiavo) or "servant" of his lady, and his sufferings have been a long martyrdom. But his attitude is cynical and ill-tempered. After a generous investment of the heart, what dividend?

Serafino uses an apt financial metaphor; he had not looked to be paid in the coin of pitilessness ("non di tal moneta esser pagato"). Yet since it is so—and his tone changes to an irony intended to hurt—let it not displease the lady if he returns to his old freedom: "Non ti spiaccia sio torno in libertade." All this is highly congenial to Wyatt, who also has an un-Petrarchan, bargaining attitude to the relationships he describes, and for whom falling out of love always proves a poetically richer subject than either falling in love or simply being in love.

But, however appropriate his choice of material, Wyatt's formal experiment is not altogether successful. The main problem was, of course, to avoid the impression that two poems were being clamped together to form a sonnet. "El cor ti diedi" is literally translated, line by line, for the octave, and "La donna di natura" more freely manipulated into the sestet. The structurally crucial point is the end of the one and the beginning of the next. All runs smoothly until Wyatt reaches the final couplet of the first strambotto. But at line 7 he writes the feeblest line of the whole sonnet. "Now syns in the is none othre reason" conveys no clear meaning, certainly not Serafino's "since in thee is little pity." Again, in line 8, "refrain" is but a vague echo of "torno in libertade." Yet, if Wyatt is intending to modify the drastic conclusiveness of Serafino's couplet, as unsuited to the middle of a sonnet, his decisive "Now syns" undermines the purpose—it does in fact announce the logical end to his train of thought. The central hiatus is, if anything, deepened by the high-pitched "Vnsaciat of my woo" that introduces the sestet. In contrast, the end of the sonnet, where Wyatt renders the second of Serafino's couplets, is well served by the original structure. And this shows, as few other texts can, how far the strambotto is likely to have influenced the structure of those of Wyatt's sonnets that end with the "English" couplet. This is not a common feature of the Italian sonnet, which usually slides to its tercet ending; but the Italian strambotto pounces upon its couplet ending. In the sonnet, weight is dispersed throughout the whole structure; in the strambotto, it gravitates towards the end. But, whatever lessons Wyatt learned from the composition of "My hert I gave the," he did not return to the experiment of making two strambotti into a sonnet. And it was left to Surrey to develop a type of sonnet that has been called a "fourteen line strambotto."[22]

[22] H. B. Lathrop, "The Sonnet Forms of Wyatt and Surrey," *MP*, II (1905), 469. In his sonnets Surrey uses not only the metrically self-contained couplet of the strambotto, but its interwoven rhyming (*abab*), the Italians and Wyatt favoring (though not exclusively) the enclosed quatrain (*abba*). As to Wyatt's sonnets, I think it is likely that their couplets owe something to his practice in writing

Wyatt's other adaptations are much more successful, probably because they involve the comparatively easy task of expansion and because the originals are recast in familiar English forms. If Wyatt as sonneteer was the pupil of Italy, he had nothing to learn in the structure of rhyme royal or quatrains. "Resound my voyse, ye wodes that here me plain" (No. 22) takes its gist and scenic description from Serafino's strambotto:

> Laer che sente el mesto e gran clamore
> Diuulga in ogni parte la mia doglia
> Tal che per compassione del mio dolore
> Par che ne treme in arbore ogni foglia . . .
> (Fol. 125 recto)

The air, the leaves, the wild animals each in their kind express compassion for the poet, echoing his grief. Wyatt merely adds rivers, hills, vales, and rain, as well as a stanza lamenting what Serafino leaves us to guess—that in contrast with nature his lady shows "no pitie." While the strambotto is neat and oblique, Wyatt's three stanzas of rhyme royal are explanatory, full, and grand:

> Oft ye Revers, to here my wofull sounde,
> Have stopt your course and, plainly to expresse,
> Many a tear by moystor of the grounde
> The erth hath wept to here my hevenes . . .

"To seke eche where" (No. 85), a series of six-line stanzas, expands the theme common to two strambotti[23] in which Serafino offers his lady a treasure richer than adornments worked in gold and pearl —his heart:

> Donar non ti possio uago lauoro
> Doro di perle ne ricchezza alcuna,
> Ma a me par doni assai riccho thesoro
> Chi lalma sua col cor franco ui duna
> (Fol. 119 recto)

> I cannot gyve browches nor Ringes,
> Thes goldsmythes work and goodly thinges,
> Piery nor perle oryente and clere
> . . . Frely, therefore, lo here
> Dare I well gyve, my hert to yere.

strambotti. But there are other possible "sources": the Italian sonnets with this feature, the Italian books of prosody that sanction its use, and native forms like rhyme royal.

[23] The one not quoted is "Se dare non ti posso gran tesoro," which, though lacking the detail of "goldsmythes work," reaches a conclusion which is more like Wyatt's than that of "Donar non ti possio"—a plea for a generous response (see Wyatt's last stanza). It looks, therefore, as though Wyatt used not one or other but both strambotti.

Wyatt neglects the ensuing argument that all riches but true faith are subject to the vicissitudes of fortune. So he avoids two problems set by the strambotto, that of versifying argument and that of concentrating it within eight lines. As before he takes the leisurely "English" course:

> To seke eche where, where man doeth lyve,
> The See, the land, the Rocke, the clyve,
> Ffraunce, Spayne and Ind and everywhere . . .

Finally, "Processe of tyme worketh suche wounder" (No. 82), a series of quatrains, takes its argument and some detail from a sonnet on the changes wrought by time in all things but the hard heart of a lady:

> Col tempo el uillanello al giogo mena
> El tor sì fiero e sì crudo animale,
> Col tempo el falcon susa à menar lale
> E ritornare à te chiamando à pena
> Col tempo si domestica è in chatena
> El bizarro orso, el feroce cinghiale
> Col tempo lacqua che è sì molle e frale
> Rompe il dur sasso come el fosse harena . . .
> Et io col tempo non posso à pietade
> Mouer un cor dogni dolcezza casso . . .
> (No. CIII)

Wyatt starts with the illustration from Serafino's seventh line,

> Processe of tyme worketh suche wounder,
> That water which is of kind so soft
> Doeth perse the marbell stone a sonder,

but moves at once, by association of water with tears, to the love theme:

> And yet an hert that seems so tender
> Receveth no dropp of the stilling tears.

Wyatt in fact abandons Serafino's tedious list of examples—bull, falcon, bear, boar, tree, and mountain are merely summed up as "eche fiers thing"—to dwell on the untamed wildness of his lady. Though he sacrifices thereby the steady beat of Serafino's repeated "col tempo," the gains are obvious. Baldi justly prefers Wyatt's version, which picks out essential imagery and gives it a fuller sentimental value.[24] The lady's hardness is merely the witty tail piece to Serafino's sonnet. Wyatt makes it the central theme.

The adaptations into English forms are by no means the work of a stumbling pupil. It is as a strambottist that Wyatt is the novice from

[24] *Op. cit.*, p. 195.

the school of Serafino. And, here, too, is found the most important part of Serafino's legacy to English poetry. Hence, however uncongenial, Serafino's strambotti must be fairly understood, assessed for what they are, not for what we should like them to be.

Serafino's strambotti range from the serious to the frivolous. There are groups on death, night, sleep, fortune, time's ravages—subjects on which his music confers sweetness and gravity:

> Placido somno che dal ciel discendi
> A tranquillar degli huomini ogni cura . . .
> (Fol. 132 verso)

At the other extreme are such whims as the description of how so many of Love's arrows have found their mark that the poet's heart has become a target:

> Tirate mhai tante saette amore
> Che del mio core hormai bersaglio hai facto . . .
> (Fol. 140 recto)

It is these light, fantastic strambotti that are most often associated with Serafino's name.

The strambotto has earned a reputation as a caprice, not as the expression of profound passion. A group is devoted entirely to the mistress' mirror, and in one Serafino expresses his wonder that the frail glass does not break in reflecting her beauty:

> Marauigliome assai specchio, che hai intorno
> Madonna ognhor quando in beltá piu uale,
> Che non ti frangi al suo bel uiso adorno
> Essendo un uetro pur caduco & frale.

Why so? Because, when the poet first saw her, his heart was shivered into fragments by an arrow. Could it be Love that struck?

> Che quando la uidiio quel primo giorno
> Subito me senti nel pecto un strale
> Non só sel colpo lo facesse amore . . .
> (Fol. 133 verso)

This is no more than froth, but its inventiveness, wit, and gallantry delight. Serafino and his reader do not really expect mirrors to break. Nor does any one take seriously the notion that trees will "crowd into a shade" when a lady passes, though pleasure is given by the poet's pretense that this is so. Serafino has simply sought out what the sixteenth-century critic calls an "invention," in this case one that Gascoigne would term a "supernaturall cause whereby [his] pen might

walke in the superlative degree."[25] Serafino's wit belongs not only to the original invention but to his whole structure: to the drawing of the parallel between mirror and heart, to the pursuit of reasons for their getting broken, and to the revelation of the point of it all, his love, at the very end—"Non só sel colpo lo facesse *amore*."

The "imagery" characteristic of the strambotto is neither suggestive nor symbolic. Usually a literal term of comparison is employed in the interest of the poet's intention to establish a predetermined truth. There are no excursions into the unknown. There is a high degree of consciousness and deliberation in the use of metaphor and simile, and the simile predominates. The strambotto is not highly metaphorical, for the obvious reason that its comparisons are best made explicitly and "wittily." Coleridgians may detect the operation of the fancy in the art of Serafino. But, considering the intention of the strambotto, this is no ground for criticism. The intention was clearly to work out such similitudes as that of mirror and heart, and to impose an iron coherence upon materials formerly unrelated.

The strambotto is a form in which logic prevails. It frequently sets about an argument and strives towards a conclusion. Serafino's handling of the traditional *carpe diem* theme, with its stock imagery of roses, thorns, etc., illustrates his rigid control:

> Risguarda donna come el tempo uola,
> Et ogni cosa corre alla sua fine,
> In breue si fá oscura ogni uiola,
> Cascan le rose, & restan poi le spine,
> Così la tua beltá, che al mondo è sola
> Non creder come oro al foco affine,
> Dunque conosci el tuo tempo felice
> Ne sperar renouar, come phenice.
> (Fol. 110 verso)

The logical transitions are heavily underlined as Serafino passes from concrete illustration (the fading flowers, etc., of lines 1-4) to the truth illustrated (*"Così* la tua beltá"—thus your beauty), and thence to the conclusion (*"Dunque* conosci"—therefore recognize). Though the scheme appears simple, its three phases—example, application, deduction—demand considerable discipline and concentration.

A simpler logic and structure involve the amassing of several equivalent illustrations of a general point, which, again, is stated at the end:

> *Spesso nel mezzo* dun bel fabricare
> Manca lharena, ouer la calce bianca,
> *Spesso* per longo, & forte caualcare

[25] *Certayne Notes of Instruction* (1575), in *Elizabetham Critical Essays*, ed. G. Gregory Smith (Oxford, 1904) I, 48.

In mezzo el corso el fier caual si stanca
Spesso al bon nauigante *in mezzo* al mare
Prima che giunga in porto el uento manca,
Così questa fortuna è si fallace
Che tal crede uolar, che in terra giace.
(Foll. 119 verso—120 recto)

Often a building stops midway for lack of materials, a ride because the horse tires, and a sea voyage because the wind fails. Thus fortune is deceptive, and who thinks to fly is earthbound. Here not only logic and structure but grammar as well are as simple as possible. The short statements fall neatly into the familiar distich units of the strambotto. Such grammatical simplicity is common with Serafino, though not the invariable rule. "Marauigliome assai specchio" (quoted above) is introduced by a fine claused sentence which makes of lines 1-4 a sweeping musical cadence. "Spesso nel mezzo," by contrast, depends for its music on the metronomic use of the initial phrase, which recurs at lines 3 and 5 (compare the identical pattern in "S'i'l dissi mai"). The common feature of all the strambotti, however, is their combination of sense and music, and Calmeta was surely not wrong in praising Serafino's skill in this.

Its brevity, logicality, and termination in some witty statement make the strambotto a form of epigram;[26] and, as such, much of its effect depends on the final couplet, which is given added point, musically, because it is detached by rhyme from the rest of the stanza *(abababcc)*. There are exceptions to the general rule that the couplet is a self-contained, detached unit. In "Son in mare di dolor smarrita naue," the seafaring allegory is maintained to the last and the couplet is logically and gramatically continuous with the preceding lines:

Speme è il timon, le uel uoglie praue
Ciascun ingorda, & di sospir gonfiata,
Bussolo è il cor, tu tramontana e scorta
Et persa te la mia speranza e morta.
(Lines 5-8, f. 140 recto)

But even here the end brings the novelty of an explicit, personal statement: "If I lose you, my hope is dead." More typically there is a distinct break and transition of thought at the final couplet, which, as in the Shakespearean sonnet, has an epigrammatic resonance. In the "mirror" strambotto, a new and witty explanation strikes with slight surprise:

[26] See the *NED* definition of the epigram as "a short poem ending in a witty or ingenious turn of thought, to which the rest of the composition is intended to lead up" (first usage, 1538). T. K. Whipple includes the strambotto among the sources of the English epigram; see "Martial and the English Epigram from Sir Thomas Wyatt to Ben Jonson," *University of California Studies in Modern Philology*, X (1925), 302.

Non só sel colpo lo facesse amore,
Che mi fe drento in mille parte il core.

In "Risguarda donna" a logical climax sounds triumphantly:

Dunque conosci el tuo tempo felice
Ne sperar renouar, come phenice.

And in "Spesso nel mezzo" a familiar truth rings out like a proverb:

Così questa fortuna è si fallace
Che tal crede uolar, che in terra giace.

These are some of the patterns provided by Serafino. By virtue of its comparatively simple structure, rhyme scheme, and grammar, the strambotto is possibly a more manageable model than the Italian sonnet. On the other hand, difficulties meet the imitator because of the need to concentrate expression, to manipulate imagery, to combine argument with lyrical smoothness, to achieve an epigrammatic wit, and to maintain a general air of elegance, poise, and dexterity.

The task of transplanting the strambotto to England first fell to Wyatt. His strambotti are usually grouped with his "epigrams," and, though not so designated in the Egerton MS or by their first editor, Tottel, they do, in the opinion of Warton, Nott, and Whipple, legitimately belong to this "kind."[27]

In two cases Wyatt chooses from the simplest of Serafino's strambotti, and, with the care of a literal translator, renders the originals practically line by line:

Sio son caduto interra inon son morto
Ritorna el Sol benche talhor si cele,
Spero mi dará el ciel qualche conforto,
Poi che fortuna hará sfocato e fele
Chi hó uisto naue ritornarsi in porto,
Dapoi che rotte há in mar tutte soe uele
El salce anchora el uento abasso & piega
Poi se ridrizza, & glialtri legni lega.
(Fol. 120 recto)

He is not ded that somtyme hath a fall;
The sonne retorneth that was vnder the clowd;
And when fortune hath spitt oute all her gall,
I trust good luck to me shalbe allowd.
For I have sene a shippe into haven fall
After the storme hath broke boeth mast and shrowd;
And eke the willowe that stowpeth with the wynde
Doeth ryse again, and greater wode doeth bynd.
(No. 60)

[27] See Whipple's note on the application of the term "epigram" by modern editors of Wyatt, *op. cit.*, p. 312 note.

Wyatt's alterations are of minimal importance. In "He is not ded" the first line is made impersonal, "uele" (sails) becomes "mast and shrowd," and Serafino's third and fourth lines are inverted. As Wyatt soon reverts to the first person, even the first of these makes little difference to the original sense and tone. There can be scarcely a more literal translation than "spitt oute . . . gall" for "sfocare fiele."[28] In "Venemus thornes," Wyatt's version of "Ogni pungente," a few adjectives are transposed or omitted, and the fire "che . . . arde & ruina" (that burns and destroys) becomes the fire "that purgith." But again the sense is virtually unchanged. The originals also fall easily into the one- or two-line units which Wyatt can reproduce with ease. Both strambotti comprise merely a series of illustrations, uncomplicated statements of fact, all bearing out a single philosophical point. The technique would be already familiar to Wyatt. Exactly of a piece with it is Chaucer's proof that joy follows sorrow—the very theme of "Ogni pungente":

> For thilke grownd that bereth the wedes wikke
> Bereth eke thise holsom herbes, as ful ofte
> Next the foule netle, rough and thikke,
> The rose waxeth swoote and smothe and softe;
> And next the valeye is the hill o-lofte;
> And next the derke nyght the glade morwe;
> And also joie is next the fyn of sorwe.
> (*Troilus and Criseyde*, I, 946-952)

"Sio son caduto" proclaims its point as much in the first line as the last. There is no climax, for the weight is spread evenly, and the argument is reiterative. Unity is given by the underlying ideas and by the ruling image of weather (clouds hide the sun, storms toss the ship, wind bends the willow). Both are easily rendered into English. "Ogni pungente," governed by the idea that "every thorn has a rose," is only slightly more complicated. Following a pattern familiar with Serafino, it starts with an even series of illustrations to draw its conclusion in the couplet: "Così spero" (thus I hope). This climax is further marked by a transition from the impersonal statement of reasons for optimism to the personal expression of confidence in the future. The emphasis of Wyatt's couplet is weakened by the introductory phrase that cuts across the line division: "and if thes ben true, / I trust." But for the rest he follows out the original structure conscientiously. It is unlikely that he found his task, in these two cases, particularly difficult or unfamiliar. The results,

[28] As a literal translation, containing nothing that is specifically Wyatt's own, "He is not ded" does not necessarily contain "a personal reference to Wiat's imprisonment in the Fleet in May 1934" (Foxwell, *ed. cit.*, II, 65). Nor are there means of dating his strambotti. Imprisonment could, of course, account for Wyatt's choice of "Sio son caduto."

however, are stiff, and, if not exactly tending to deform English poetry, do little to refute Rollins' adverse opinion of Wyatt's translations from Serafino.

Elsewhere Wyatt's problems as a translator prove more difficult:

> Se una bombarda è dal gran foco mossa
> Spirando, ció che troua aterra presto
> Ma segli aduien chella spirar non possa
> Se stessa rompe & poco offende el resto.
> Cosi io dentro ardo, al foco è giunto à lossa
> Sel taccio imor, sel dico altrui molesto.
> Sospeso uiuo, amor mi da tal sorte,
> Che altro non è che una confusa morte.
> (Fol. 54 recto)

> The furyous gonne in his rajing yre,
> When that the bowle is rammed in to sore
> And that the flame cannot part from the fire,
> Cracketh in sonder, and in the ayer doeth rore
> The shevered peces; right so doeth my desire,
> Whose flame encreseth from more to more,
> Wych to lett owt I dare not loke nor speke;
> So now hard force my hert doeth all to breke.
> (No. 61)

The greater freedom of the translation has been necessitated by the more complicated structure of the original. Unlike those discussed above, this strambotto can hardly have been chosen because it was "easy to translate." Here a single illustration is brought to bear on the several aspects of a situation. The truth to be illustrated, and so the illustration itself, are more detailed. The essence of such conceited writing is that the comparison must be as complete as possible. The several phases in the firing of a gun (lines 1-4) must be repeated exactly in the phases through which the lover passes (lines 5-8). If fire reaches the gunpowder in line 1, in line 5 desire penetrates to the lover's bones. The stanza falls into equally balanced halves, and within each section a developing situation must be followed.

So concentrated, intricate, and rigid is the strambotto that Wyatt proceeds at once to simplify and soften it. Serafino points out that the gun, if firing properly, will throw down all before it (lines 1-2); if not, it will destroy itself (lines 3-4). Likewise, if the lover speaks out, he will harm another, and, if not, himself alone (lines 5-6). Wyatt rests content with only one aspect of Serafino's situation—that a misfiring gun will destroy itself, and so will he, through his inability to speak or look his love. He says nothing of harming others by a successful explosion of gunfire or passion, omissions which are consistent but which

leave unexplained the lover's inhibition. A further result is that the first part of Wyatt's poem becomes a mass of technical details. The description of the breaking gun is vivid, but too long in comparison with the parallel description of the breaking heart. Wyatt's "right so doeth my desire" lags a half line behind Serafino. The consequence is a slight disproportion, as well as a loss of concentration; but it is of interest that Wyatt avoids some of the stiffness that might have resulted from too close an adherence to Serafino.

Here, too, Wyatt adopts a more complicated syntax. Uppermost, therefore, is what was always to be a main problem for him—the adjustment of a periodic sentence to the music of his stanzas. The first main clause, initiated in line 1 and not completed until line 4, presses forward with magnificent urgency to land with fierce emphasis on its verb: "The furyous gonne . . . Cracketh." These four lines are widely different in effect from their Italian equivalents. They are less sweet and harmonious, but more oratorical. Serafino, with habitual poise, balances two strictly symmetrical conditional sentences: "Se . . . Ma se . . ." Wyatt's wild eloquence is, in its way, the bolder, more original effect. But unfortunately his subordinate clauses are not handled with the "Miltonic" skill of the main clause. However the third line is uttered, the meter brings stress where it is not logically apt. "And that" sets syntax and music at odds. Wyatt's second sentence is again marred by clumsy subordinate clauses. This time there is little compensating eloquence, though he does achieve the equivalent in sound of his subject's violence and disorder. Wyatt destroys not only the balance of section against section and line against line, but even the internal balance of single lines. Contrast the dainty swing of "Sel taccio imor, sel dico altrui molesto" with the pounding irregularity of "Whose flame encreseth from more to more." And, finally, he cuts through the originally self-contained final couplet. The extent of his success must remain a matter of opinion; what was once dubbed "clumsiness" in Wyatt does not nowadays lack champions. At any rate his intention in "The furyous gonne" is clear; he strives towards a greater fullness and violence than his original provides. His response to the subject of breaking guns and hearts is more serious than Serafino's. Though this is one of the "conceited" strambotti, generally deplored, to suggest that so promising a poem deforms English poetry or sets a bad example would surely be an exaggeration.

The preceding examples have been strambotti that are serious in the original, and, if anything, made more serious by Wyatt. Two more illustrate his attempt at this form in its better-known guise, as a light piece of gallantry:

A che minacci, à che tanta ira e orgoglio,
Per questa non farai chel furto renda.
Non senza causa la tua man dispoglio
Rapir quel daltri non fú mai mia menda.
Famme citar dauanti amor chio uoglio,
Che la ragion de luno & laltro intenda
Lei il cor mi tolse, & io gli hó tolto un guanto
Vorro saper da te se un cor ual tanto.
(Fol. 170 recto)

Incolpa donna amor se troppo io uolsi
Aggiungendo alla tua la bocca mia.
Se pur punir mi uoi quel chio tolsi.
Fa che concesso replica mi sia
Che tal dolcezza in quelli labri accolsi,
Chel spirto mio fú per fuggirsi uia.
Só che al secondo tocco uscirá fora
Bastar ti dé, che per tal fallo io mora.
(Fol. 179 verso)

What nedeth these thretning wordes and wasted wynde?
All this cannot make me restore my pray.
To robbe your good, I wis, is not my mynde,
Nor causeles your fair hand did I display.
Let love be judge, or els whome next we meit,
That may boeth here what you and I can say.
She toke from me an hert and I a glove from her:
Let vs se nowe, if th'one be wourth th'othre.
(No. 48)

Alas! madame, for stelying of a kysse,
Have I so much your mynd then offended?
Have I then done so greuously amysse,
That by no meanes it may be amended?
Then revenge you, and the next way is this:
An othr kysse shall have my lyffe endid.
For to my mowth the first my hert did suck,
The next shall clene oute of my brest it pluck.
(No. 44)

These strambotti breathe the air of the court, its sophisticated amours and frivolous gallantries. They are naughty but not vicious, flirtatious but not passionate, overbearing but not brutal. They describe storms in tea cups, blowing up in the first because the poet has stolen a glove and in the second a kiss. Unimportant feminine tantrums are seen from the viewpoint of the worldly male. There is much of the skepticism common to Serafino and Wyatt.

"A che minacci," literally translated by Wyatt, opens in apparent seriousness with talk of "minacci" (threats) and "furto" (prey). The triviality of their connection with "tua man" (your hand) is not re-

vealed until line 3 in Serafino's strambotto, and line 4 in Wyatt's. The second phase opens, at line 5, with protests of the bombastic male kind: "Let love be judge,"—"or els whome next we meit." Wyatt, in adding this, gets the appropriate spirit, almost the social environment, perfectly. The rhythm is light, there are no attempts at eloquent periods, and Wyatt cultivates the neatness and liveliness of Serafino's short sentences, with their variety of questions and imperatives. The reason for all this fuss has, however, been only partially revealed as to-do with a lady's hand. It remains for the final couplet to bring forward the lover's theft of her glove, and, with the same air of discovery, her theft of his heart. Is a heart worth a glove? The concluding witticism turns the tables on the temperamental lady of the opening threats. The translation has all the liveliest qualities of the original and of the kind of strambotto it typifies.

Wyatt translates "Incolpa donna" more freely, not, this time, because he is unable to incorporate all the original detail, but because, in full possession of it, he works for enhancement. The recasting of the two opening sentences as questions at once reveals his confidence, as does the courtly, mock-serious phrasing of his opening "Alas, madame!" He works well within the easy distich units of the strambotto. The opening talk of the grievous wrong of stealing a kiss gives way, with an even more suspicious submissiveness, to the lover's suggestion that he should be punished. Serafino begins to adumbrate this notion at line 3, while Wyatt delays it until lines 4 and 5. There are other signs that he is shifting the weight towards the end. Serafino suggests a return kiss ("replica") at line 4, while Wyatt waits until line 5. Serafino's assertion that the first kiss brought him to the verge of death occurs at line 6. Wyatt shifts it to the final couplet, where, when it comes, it is both more surprising and more concentrated. Serafino's couplet pushes home the idea that the second kiss would successfully kill him. But Wyatt's gives the whole history of these deadly kisses in two witty lines, to which zest is added by the emphatic rhyming of "suck" and "pluck." Yet his alterations are entirely in harmony with the spirit of the original. For frivolity and wit, they actually improve upon it. There can be no doubt that Wyatt, as translator, is most successful with light strambotti of this kind. And what of the "stiff figures and images" supposedly the product of Wyatt's admiration for Serafino? Neither in this nor the preceding example is there anything but ease and fluency.

If all five translations are taken together, it becomes clear that the case against their having either intrinsic or historical value, though not without some foundation, has been much exaggerated. Serafino was not a great poet, but it does not follow that he provided a useless model.

His concentration and his control of imagery and structure were not unworthy objects of study for Tudor poets. The unfortunate aspect of his influence, flamboyance and rhetorical stiffness, is reflected in Wyatt, but not to the extent that Rollins would claim.[29] As far as Wyatt's debt of Serafino is concerned, the positive gain outweighs the negative. His two most successful translations of Serafino's strambotti have historical interest as the first good examples of the English epigram.[30] And they also have literary value, unless this be solemnly denied to all light, social verse which is designedly limited in scope, and, in its origin and appeal more fanciful than imaginative. This is a minor historical event and a minor poetic achievement which Wyatt's critics have not sufficiently valued.

The strambotto's general value—or lack of it—can also be observed in Wyatt's independent attempts at this form. The translations, whose themes range from the philosophical to the amorous, had taught him something of Serafino's range. His own strambotti are equally varied. On the one hand are clever fancies like "Off purpos Love chase first for to be blynd" (No. 98), a comparison of the blind Cupid with the seeing lover. On the other are macabre anecdotes: of the gruesome end of a hoarder of money (No. 191) and "Of the mother who eat her childe at the siege of Ierusalem" (No. 80). Many, like "In court to serue decked with freshe aray" (No. 193), are satirical. Some of the most interesting are personal. "Syghes are my foode" (No. 168), addressed to Sir Francis Brian from prison, is an oblique plea for intercession, while "Tagus fare well" (No. 97) commemorates Wyatt's departure from Spain in 1539; here Wyatt found the strambotto a useful vehicle for occasional utterances.

Wyatt's strambotti collectively show that the medium was not uncongenial to him, that he applied himself seriously to the literary problems presented by the medium. The two main problems concern the use of the Italianate conventions and the adjustment of syntax to music.

Certainly the independent strambotti yield instances of the stiff conventionality and rhetorical frigidity so often condemned:

> The fructe of all the seruise that I serue
> Dispaire doth repe, such haples hap have I;
> But tho he have no powre to make me swarve,
> Yet bye the fire for colde I fele I dye.
> In paradis for hunger still I sterve,
> And in the flowde for thurst to deth I drye;

[29] And not to so great an extent as in the later English Petrarchan, Thomas Watson.

[30] It is reasonable to assume that Wyatt's translations precede his independent strambotti, but there can, of course, be no absolute certainty in dating any of them.

So Tantalus ame I and yn worse payne,
Amyds my helpe and helpless doth remayne.
(No. 135)

The torment endured in the unending service of love is a trite Petrarchan subject, made more trite here by the handling. The mass of oxymora and antitheses, favorite Charitean devices, has the same effect as in "I fynde no peace" (No. 26); it holds the argument to a single point, which was its original intention, though the result appears static to readers not attuned to Chariteanism (or to Euphuism, which, in prose, achieves the same effect by the same means). The image of the man who shivers by the fire, though unoriginal, serves to reveal the lover's despair. But, when it is followed by hunger in paradise, thirst in the flood, and finally by Tantalus, attention strays from the matter to the manner. The devices take on a life independent of their meaning, which remains, as it were, spellbound. There is so much repetition that, when the summing up of the couplet comes, it sounds merely obvious.

Where conventional devices of style are in question, it is commonly asked: does the author make them his own? An answer is provided by a strambotto on a theme which can be called Wyatt's own—the desertion of friends who once took bread at his hands:

Luckes, my faire falcon, and your fellowes all,
How well plesaunt yt were your libertie!
Ye not forsake me that faire might ye befall.
But they that somtyme lykt my companye,
Like lyse awaye from ded bodies thei crall:
But ye, my birdes, I swear by all your belles,
Ye be my fryndes, and so be but few elles.
(No. 170)

The use of a central conceit is here the most obvious convention. Wyatt's falcons, like Serafino's mirror, establish a parallel and point a contrast. Mastery of the conventional technique is shown in Wyatt's skillful application of the image to two aspects of his own situation. the freedom of the falcons contrasts with his own lack of it, their loyalty with the disloyalty of his friends. His strambotto has the control, coherence, and concentration proper to its kind. Much sheer intellectual effort has gone into it, but what raises it above the level of mere cleverness or ingenuity is the fine variation of tone that supports the contrasts worked on through the conceit. The free and friendly birds are offset against mean, earthbound pests, and the exhilaration felt in "Luckes, my faire falcon, and your fellowes all" gives way to a sneer at those who crawl "like lyse awaye from ded bodies." The strambotto differs from No. 135, quoted above, not because it has broken away from convention, but because it has broken away from mere derivativeness.

Some of Wyatt's most successful conventionalities exploit the skills learned in translating Serafino's strambotti on the revenge earned by stolen gloves and kisses. "Who hath herd of suche crueltye before" (No. 42) and "She sat and sowde that hath done me the wrong" (No. 54) are two versions of the same lover's tale. They portray the kind of lady who goes on with her needlework while her lover utters his piteous "plaint." Indeed she pricks at her sampler in lieu of his heart. The wit of the revenge is trivial enough, but it comes with delightful surprise as the final couplet turns the tables:

> For as she thought this is his hert in dede,
> She pricked herd and made her self to blede.

Concerning the problem of syntax and music, Wyatt's difficulties lie between the rocks of stiffness and incoherence. When he simplifies his grammar, allowing it to follow the distich unit and central pause of the Italian strambotto, he remains lucid if sometimes rather mechanical:

> Desire, alas, my master and my foo,
> So sore altered thi selff, how mayst thou se?
> Some tyme I sowght that dryvys me to and fro;
> Some tyme thow ledst that ledyth the and me.
> (No. 75, lines 1-4)

When he ambitiously overrides the conventional structure, the result is often garbled, unmusical, or, at best, magnificently confused:

> With spurr and sayle for I go seke the Tems
> Gaynward the sonne that shewth her welthi pryd
> And to the town which Brutus sowght by drems
> Like bendyd mone doth lend her lusty syd.
> (No. 97, lines 3-6)

On the whole, Wyatt's most promising solution is to retain a simple grammar while varying the pauses as much as possible. By this approach he achieves one of his finest results in a description of his undetermined future. Will be again put his head into the noose of love, and under what conditions?

> A face that shuld content me wonders well
> Shuld not be faire but louelie to behold,
> With gladsome cheare all grief for to expell;
> With sober lookes so wold I that it should
> Speake without wordes, such woordes as non can tell;
> The tresse also should be of crysped gold;
> With witt: and thus might chaunce I might be tyde,
> And knyt agayne the knott that should not slide.
> (No. 171)

He opens with a flowing distich to which the third line is loosely linked. Another follows before, in line 6, he utters an arresting one-line statement. A clipped interjection—"with witt"—shortens the phrasing still further, but the couplet returns to something of the original fullness. The central pause is not observed, nor does he slavishly follow the distich pattern. His variations realize in terms of rhythm the intriguing mixture of his open enthusiasm and narrow circumspection. Though still using the form taken over from Serafino, he is here at his furthest from stiff, derivative writing.

Wyatt found in Serafino (not Petrarch) a teacher whom he could surpass. Serafino, the most popular poet of the early sixteenth century, is now merely a textbook name—subject to contempt because his influence on his immediate successors far outstripped his intrinsic worth as a poet as judged by posterity. But it is often so. In their practical capacity as craftsmen, poets seek not so much great precedents as congenial and manageable modes of expression. It was easier for Restoration writers of comedy to extract a usable dramatic formula from Jonson than from Shakespeare. Serafino, in many ways a kindred spirit, provided Wyatt with an equally handy formula. What could he have extracted from the *Divine Comedy*?

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Sartor Resartus: A Victorian *Faust*

THERE ARE such obvious candidates for the title, Victorian *Faust* —*Festus* and *Dipsychus* immediately come to mind—that *Sartor Resartus* has never been in the running, though its debt to Goethe's poem has not gone altogether unnoticed. Jean-Marie Carré considered the image of the garment of God to be Carlyle's only major borrowing from *Faust*; C. F. Harrold found *Faust* a negligible influence, while emphasizing Goethe's importance for Carlyle's ideas; and, in the most recent study of the Faust theme, Charles Dédéyan deals most summarily with *Sartor*.[1] Nonetheless, a detailed examination of Carlyle's debt to *Faust* throws light on the meaning and structure of *Sartor*.

If we read *Sartor Resartus* with the ideas and terms of Carlyle's 1822 and 1827 reviews of *Faust* in mind,[2] it becomes clear that Goethe's

[1] J.-M. Carré, *Goethe en Angleterre* (Paris, 1920); C. F. Harrold, *Carlyle and German Thought, 1819-1834* (New Haven, 1934); C. Dédéyan, *Le Thème de Faust dans la littérature européenne*, III, Part I (Paris, 1959). *Sartor* has of course been thoroughly combed for sources and influences. See especially the following studies: Bernhard Fehr, "Der deutsche Idealismus in Carlyles Sartor Resartus," *Germanisch-romanische Monatsschrift*, V (1913), 81-101; Theodore Geissendoerfer, "Carlyle and Jean Paul Friedrich Richter," *JEGP*, XXV (Oct. 1926), 540-553; Charles Frederick Harrold, "Carlyle and Novalis," *SP*, XXVII (1930), 47-63, and "The Mystical Element in Carlyle: 1827-34," *MP*, XXIX (1932), 459-475; Susanne Howe [Nobbe], *Wilhelm Meister and his English Kinsmen* (New York, 1930); B. H. Lehmann, *Carlyle's Theory of the Hero; Its Sources, Development, History, and Influence on Carlyle's Work* (Durham, N. C., 1928); Hermann Plagens, *Carlyles Weg zu Goethe* (Berlin, 1938); René Wellek, *Immanual Kant in England: 1793-1838* (Princeton, 1931); W. Witte, "Carlyle's 'Conversion,'" in *The Era of Goethe. Essays Presented to James Boyd* (Oxford, 1959).

[2] "Faustus: from the German of Goethe . . . ," *New Edinburgh Review*, II (Apr. 1822); "Goethe's *Sämmtliche Werke*. Vollständige Ausgabe letzter Hand . . . 1827," *Foreign Review*, I, No. 2 (1828). This latter 39-page article was entirely devoted to a discussion of the Helena fragment, published for the first time in this edition of Goethe's complete works. Judging by the evidence of his letters,

work furnished the young Carlyle with an important "Architectural Idea,"[3] the pattern for the genesis and regeneration of a "quite new Individuality," Diogenes Teufelsdröckh (*SR,* p. 6). The character of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh unites, as the very name suggests, the attributes of both Faust and Mephistopheles: divine inspiration of divinely begotten man and its eternal negation in the devil and the body's dross.[4] United under his name, however, are not complementary but incompatible natures, just as the Fausto-Mephistophelian compact formed (in Carlyle's words) a "conflicting union of the higher nature of the soul with the lower elements of human life; of Faust, the son of Light and Free-Will, with the influences of Doubt, Denial, and Obstruction."[5] To dramatize such a union of the two human propensities "to admire and to despise,"[6] Carlyle considered a "high problem"—the very problem he posed for himself in *Sartor.*

Diogenes Teufelsdröckh achieves an uneasy equilibrium between the two halves of his nature. On the one hand, he has inherited Faust's desire to experience within himself the full range of joys and sorrows allotted to the whole of mankind.[7] In reviewing Goethe's work, Carlyle repeatedly called attention to Faust's extraordinary aspiration: "His desires are towards the high and true; nay, with a whirlwind impetuosity he rushes forth over the Universe to grasp all excellence; his heart yearns towards the infinite and the invisible . . ." (*CME,* I, 158). These words foreshadow the spiritual propensity of Carlyle's own hero to feel "ethereal love" and "infinite pity"; "he could clasp the whole Universe into his bosom, and keep it warm" (*SR,* p. 25).

Carlyle first read *Faust* in 1820. In 1831 he said he "as good as determined" to translate *Faust* to make up for the mangled versions that had appeared. See *Correspondence between Goethe and Caryle,* ed. Charles Eliot Norton (London, 1887), pp. 240, 250, 252, 254.

[3] *Sartor Resartus,* Centenary ed. (London, 1897), p. 27. Subsequent references to *Sartor* (abbreviated *SR*) are to this edition. In his *Carlyles Weg zu Goethe,* Hermann Plagens points out that the 1822 review of *Faust* contains most of Carlyle's major ideas and convictions.

[4] The name of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh has further ambiguities, irrelevant to this discussion. The Faustian name of divine genealogy was also the name of the representative Cynic. And though the Devil was certainly spirit, Teufelsdröckh refers as well to animal function. Faust alludes to the Devil's hybrid nature when he angrily calls him "Du Spottgeburt von Dreck und Feuer!"

[5] "Goethe's Helena," *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays* (London, 1899), I, 161. Subsequent references to Carlyle's critical essays (abbreviated *CME*) are to this edition.

[6] "Faustus," reprinted from the *New Edinburgh Review* in *Collecteana Thomas Carlyle, 1821-1855,* ed. Samuel Arthur Jones (Canton, Pa., 1903), p. 89. Subsequent references to this essay are to this edition. See also p. 64 of "Faustus" for further comments on this "singular union of enthusiasm with derision."

[7] See *Faust,* lines 1768-75, *Gedenkausgabe der Werke, Briefe und Gespräche,* ed. Ernst Beutler, V (Zürich, 1950). Subsequent references to *Faust* are to this edition.

On the other hand, Teufelsdröckh inherited Mephisto's contempt for sentimentality and idealism; if within him "there dwelt a very seraph" (*SR,* p. 25), that seraph was joined to a satan. His striving to realize his high ideals was paralyzed by the devastating irony and deadly rationalism that Carlyle found personified in Goethe's "Denyer" —"the best and only genuine Devil of these latter times" (*CME,* I, 158). This method of investing Teufelsdröckh with Mephisto's nature and idiom is typical of Carlyle's eccentric dependence on Goethe. He did not borrow directly from Goethe's text, but preferred to appropriate the wording of his own interpretations of *Faust.*[8] Thus the numerous passages in *Sartor* that define or illustrate Teufelsdröckh's diabolical derision and "Indifferentism towards men" (*SR,* p. 104) closely parallel Carlyle's earlier comments on Goethe's unique devil. In 1822 he wrote of Mephisto:

> He cares for the suffrage of no one—irony is the only tone in which he speaks of all things; and the universe itself appears in his eyes little better than a huge puppet-show, and its whole history a paltry farce, in which there is nothing to excite any feeling but derision from a rational thinker ["Faustus," p. 77].[9]

Teufelsdröckh adopts a "seemingly ironic tone" as his "favourite dialect in conversation" (*SR,* p. 104) and regards God's works and man's works alike with "malign Indifference" (*SR,* p. 235) and "devilish coolness" (*SR,* p. 48).[10] And Carlyle further puts his study of Goethe's devil to good use as he analyzes his own hero's ambivalent nature:

> Then again he is so sly and still, so imperturbably saturnine; shows such indifference, malign coolness towards all that men strive after; and ever with some half-visible wrinkle of a bitter sardonic humour, if indeed it be not mere stolid callousness,—that you look on him almost with a shudder, as on some incarnate Mephistopheles, to whom this great terrestrial and celestial Round, after all, were but some huge foolish Whirligig, where kings and beggars, and angels and demons, and stars and street-sweepings, were chaotically whirled, in which only children could take interest [*SR,* p. 25].

"Look on him . . . as on some incarnate Mephistopheles": Carlyle here openly invites comparison between Teufelsdröckh and Mephisto for the same artistic purpose that Milton has in comparing Satan to the Leviathan. He enriches his characterization by evoking specific associations with Goethe's *Teufel,* whose vocation is not only to sneer, deny,

[8] Since my point about Carlyle's borrowing is its working indirectly through his earlier reactions to *Faust,* the question of the accuracy or inaccuracy of his use of the original in *Sartor* is on the whole irrelevant to my study.

[9] Cf. also Carlyle's characterization of Mephistopheles in "Goethe's Helena," *CME,* I, 157-158.

[10] Cf. Teufelsdröckh's statement, "sarcasm I now see to be, in general, the language of the Devil; for which reason I have long since as good as renounced it" (*SR,* p. 105).

ensnare, and destroy, but above all to prevent man from fulfilling his divine assignment of activity and creativity.

The Fausto-Mephistophelian duality of Teufelsdröckh's nature is the key to the meaning of *Sartor;* it forms the philosophical center, the focal point in Carlyle's vision of man's relation to himself, society, and the universe.[11] *"Call one Diogenes Teufelsdröckh,"* Carlyle claims, *"and he will open the Philosophy of Clothes"* (*SR,* p. 70). Through its "mystic influences" (*SR,* p. 69) his own name must inform him and the philosophy he presents. And, since that name denotes both the enthusiastic Faustian and the nihilistic Mephistophelian natures, his "Philosophy of Clothes" implies at once both positive and negative views of the world. Teufelsdröckh's Faustian soul yearns to commune with the invisible mysteries that lie beyond the "visible emblems" (*SR,* p. 47).[12] His "high Platonic Mysticism" (p. 52) inspires him to regard man as a "Soul, a Spirit, and divine Apparition" (p. 51)[13] and nature as "what the Earth-Spirit in *Faust* names it, *the living visible Garment of God"* (p. 43). In his Mephistophelian view, however, nature is inanimate and easily grasped through the science of "Mensuration and Numeration" (*SR,* p. 53). To the cynical logician, man is not an image of the divine but an "omnivorous Biped that wears Breeches" (p. 51). Thus Teufelsdröckh adopted the materialistic view Carlyle associated with both eighteenth-century mechanism and the utilitarianism of his own time, a view Carlyle fought explicitly in his journalistic writings and figuratively in *Sartor.*[14] He believed, moreover, that Goethe had similarly discredited rationalism and mechanism by making the Devil its advocate. In his 1822 review of *Faust,* he suggested that Mephistopheles resembled a French *philosophe*: "there is the perfection of the intellectual faculties with a total absence of the moral; the extreme of fanciful pleasantry and acute thought, with the extreme of arid selfishness and contemptuous apathy" ("Faustus," p. 78).[15] This, the negative aspect

[11] My view that the Fausto-Mephistophelian dualism informs both Teufelsdröckh's nature and his clothes philosophy differs from C. F. Harrold's position that the only philosophical unity of Carlyle's *Weltanschauung* "rests in the informing conception of *Offenbarung,* or dynamic revelation" (*Carlyle and German Thought,* p. 79).

[12] Cf. Carlyle's description of Faust's "vehement longings for some unspeakable communion with the great powers of nature, whose magnificence expands his soul, while the mysteriousness confounds and repels it" ("Faustus," p. 70).

[13] Cf. Faust's "Ich Ebenbild der Gottheit!" (line 516).

[14] Francis X. Roellinger, Jr. has shown that Carlyle "mastered at least two styles, the first based on the traditional prose required of the periodical reviewer, the second an unconventional, eccentric idiom designed to meet the requirements of the fiction of Teufelsdröckh and his book on clothes." "The Early Development of Carlyle's Style," *PMLA,* LXXII (1957), 950.

[15] Cf. also the same identification of Mephistopheles with the *philosophes, CME,* I, 157.

of Carlyle's dual vision, denies life's transcendent "reverent Worth," to focus only on its decay and contemptibility (*SR,* p. 52).

In the first book of *Sartor Resartus,* Carlyle thus establishes the parallel between the clothes philosophy and the "grand unparalleled peculiarity of Teufelsdröckh" (*SR,* p. 51). However, before his clothes philosophy could shape a productive and useful life, Teufelsdröckh must resolve the conflict between his two souls. The story of his conversion, the theme of Book II of *Sartor,* is familiar: from early prodigious potentialities through daily disappointments to suicidal despair, and from the conquest of fear and self-pity through indignation to the ultimate renunciation of happiness for duty. To help direct this spiritual path, Carlyle drew on numerous sources (to supplement the autobiographical),[16] from St. Augustine's *Confessions* to Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister.*[17] But *Faust,* too, made its important contribution at two crucial points: it provided a literary model for both the crisis and the pattern of transformation.

When Carlyle reviewed *Faust* in 1822[18]—his first article, incidentally, on a subject of his own choice—he indulged his penchant for analyzing spiritual crisis, and claimed that the characterization of Faust in the opening scenes of the tragedy offered the "highest proof of Goethe's genius"—a portrayal of the crisis of one "born with the head of a sceptic and the heart of a devotee" ("Faustus," p. 88). Such a crisis was of immediate concern to the young critic, who, unwittingly perhaps, transformed his own spiritual confusion into literary judgment;[19] he con-

[16] On the question of the autobiographical content of Teufelsdröckh's conversion, see Carlisle Moore, *"Sartor Resartus* and the Problem of Carlyle's 'Conversion,'" *PMLA,* LXX (1955), 662-681. I agree with Professor Sanders that it is easy to overemphasize Teufelsdröckh as an autobiographical figure and overlook those characteristics of his personality and experience deliberately composed by Carlyle. See "The Question of Carlyle's 'Conversion,'" *Victorian Newsletter,* No. 10 (Autumn 1956), pp. 10-12.

[17] Besides the numerous possible sources throughout Christian writings, there were contemporary examples; the motif of conversion, as Jerome H. Buckley has shown, pervaded nineteenth-century writing. See *The Victorian Temper* (Cambridge, Mass., 1951), pp. 87-108.

[18] Carlyle was reviewing the so-called "Boosey Analysis" (called after the publisher since the translation was anonymous), a 60-page outline of *Faust,* Part I, accompanying the popular Retzsch engravings. The outline carefully omitted passages which would offend English readers by the "free, and occasionally immoral tendency of the allusions which they contain" (*Faustus: From the German of Goethe,* London, 1821, p. vii). No complete English translation of *Faust* was available at the time Carlyle's review appeared in 1822.

[19] Carlyle told Goethe that he had found "the woes and wanderings" of his own heart beautifully represented in *Faust* (*Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle,* p. 2). See also Carlyle's enthusiastic praise of *Faust* in a letter to Irving, ("Unpublished Letters of Carlyle," *Scribner's Magazine,* Apr. 1893, p. 417). Carlyle was, interestingly enough, aware of the pitfall of revealing more about himself than about the work criticized. He wrote Eckermann about Goethe's *Helena*

sidered Faust's acute suffering "the most vivid picture we have ever seen of a species of mental convulsion, at once in the extreme degree moving and difficult to paint. It is the destruction of a noble spirit by the force of its own thoughts; a suicide of the mind, far more tragical than that of the body . . ." ("Faustus," p. 88).

Carlyle not only discussed Faust's crisis at length but also inferred from it a similar crisis in Goethe's life, in which he discovered a pattern of spiritual growth:

> *Faust* was conceived while its author was passing from youth to settled manhood, —a period of inquietude in every life,—frequently, as in his case, of a darkness and despondency but too well suited to furnish ideas for such a work. It was executed when long culture and varied experience had ripened his powers . . . its object is to delineate whatever is wildest and most mysterious in the heart and the intellect of man; and its chief materials are drawn from the heart and the intellect of the writer. In perusing it, accordingly, we seem to behold the troubled chaos of his own early woes, and doubts, and wanderings,—illuminated in part, and reduced to form, by succeeding speculations of a calmer nature,—and pourtrayed by a finished master, in all its original vividness, without its original disorder ["Faustus," pp. 63-64].[20]

Goethe, having himself passed through deep despair, prophetically reveals to others the path leading from darkness to light. In speaking of Goethe, Carlyle also defined his own role and formulated the pattern of transition his own hero was to follow: "through the various successive states and stages of Growth, Entanglement, Unbelief, and almost Reprobation, into a certain clearer state of what he himself seems to consider as Conversion" (*SR*, pp. 157-158).

For both Faust and Teufelsdröckh the crisis was precipitated by infinite aspirations foiled by a finite life. Carlyle saw that the Faustian longing for the absolute was a source not only of man's enthusiasm and greatness but also of his lasting dissatisfaction and despair ("Faustus," pp. 89-90); despite all his parleyings with the infinite, man remains in the end what he is, as Mephisto diabolically reminds Faust (*Faust*, line 1807). Teufelsdröckh experiences and diagnoses the same predicament: "Man's Unhappiness as I construe, comes of his Greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite" (*SR*, pp. 151-152). Above all, the impulse to strive for unattainable heights is negated by man's other soul, which clings stubbornly to the carnal life:

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that "the critic in judging it, never so faithfully, will not so much exhaust and completely depict *its* whole spirit and purport, as depict his own." "New Letters of Carlyle to Eckermann," ed. William A. Speck, *Yale Review*, XV (1926), 738.

[20] This interpretation of Goethe, which Carlyle introduced in the 1822 review of *Faust*, runs through most of his later articles on Goethe. See especially "Goethe," *CME*, I, 210; introduction to *Wilhelm Meister* (London, 1899), I, 28; "Death of Goethe," *CME*, II, 379; "Goethe's Works," *CME*, II, 430-434.

> Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach! in meiner Brust,
> Die eine will sich von der andern trennen:
> Die eine hält in derber Liebeslust
> Sich an die Welt mit klammernden Organen;
> Die andre hebt gewaltsam sich vom Dust
> Zu den Gefilden hoher Ahnen.
> (Lines 1112-17)

Carlyle reinterpreted this conflict between man's two souls as the warfare between the materialistic "clay-given mandate, *Eat thou and be filled,*" and the altruistic "God-given mandate, *Work thou in Well-doing*" (*SR*, pp. 146-147); to this inescapable battle (the Carlylean temptation in the wilderness), all men are called.

For both Teufelsdröckh and Faust the inner conflict was intensified by the external pressure of a world governed by rationalism and mechanism. Both protagonists find themselves in physical surroundings symbolic of the sterility of this intellectual world. Teufelsdröckh's apartment —his "speculum or watchtower" (*SR*, p. 15)— with its piles of books and "tattered papers, and miscellaneous shreds of all conceivable substance 'united in a common element of dust'" (*SR*, p. 18), closely resembles Faust's study:

> Weh! steck ich in dem Kerker noch?
> Verfluchtes dumpfes Mauerloch,
> Wo selbst das liebe Himmelslicht
> Trüb durch gemalte Scheiben bricht!
> Beschränkt von diesem Bücherhauf,
> den Würme nagen, Staub bedeckt . . .[21]
> (Lines 398-405)

Teufelsdröckh might well echo Faust's "call this a world!" For neither would accept an intellectual world which, like that of the Encyclopaedists, transformed the universe into an incomprehensible mechanism[22] —a world, moreover, in which scientific analysis succeeded, as Teufelsdröckh cynically notes, in defining man's whole life: "scarcely a fragment or fibre of his Soul, Body, and Possessions, but has been probed,

[21] Cf. Carlyle's synopsis of the opening scenes of *Faust:* "Immured in his closet, among books and instruments, and all the dead machinery of art . . . The spirit which longed to mingle with the cherubim, and explore the darkest arcana of the universe, is shut up within the narrow cell of a college, and reduced to conduct a few boys through the juggling sophistry of scholastic learning" ("Faustus," pp. 70-71).

[22] *Dichtung und Wahrheit, Gedenkausgabe der Werke,* X, 534. Cf. *Sartor,* pp. 130-131, 133. But later Goethe could also praise the positive clarifying force of the eighteenth century and the genius of Voltaire, while Carlyle always regarded the Enlightenment as a period of denial and destruction—a dark age.

dissected, distilled, desiccated, and scientifically decomposed . . . " (*SR*, p. 2).[23]

The consequences were the same for both protagonists: "from each keener effort to divine the essence of things," Faust, according to Carlyle, returned "more faint and full of doubt" ("Faustus," p. 69); and from each desperate attempt to extract an answer from the "Sibyl-cave of Destiny," Teufelsdröckh similarly returned more destitute until doubt "darkened into Unbelief" (*SR*, p. 129). Life became for him a grim desert, a waste land,[24] through which he rushed headlong, his "internal Unrest" his only guide. He must "enact that stern Monodrama, *No Object and No Rest;* must front its successive destinies, work through to its catastrophe, and deduce therefrom what moral he can" (*SR*, p. 98).

This monodrama derived indubitably from a monologue. Carlyle gave the gist of it in 1822: Faust "abandons himself to utter despair—he has no longer an object upon earth, and still no rest" ("Faustus," p. 71). Five years later, Carlyle again described this moment when Faust's "loadstars have gone out one by one; and as the darkness fell, the strong steady wind has changed into a fierce and aimless tornado. Faust calls himself a monster, 'without object, yet without rest' " (*CME*, I, 159). Carlyle's monodrama was bound to conclude with the same mental agony which in *Faust* had attracted his sympathy and admiration. It is no accident that, in his "bitter protracted Death-agony," Teufelsdröckh recited "Faust's Death-song, that wild *Selig der den er im Siegesglanze findet* (Happy when *he* finds in Battle's splendour), and thought that of this last Friend even I was not forsaken, that Destiny itself could not doom me not to die" (*SR*, p. 134). The scene is filled with echoes from *Faust*. Even when Teufelsdröckh is on the verge of suicide, the parallel persists, though for once Carlyle reversed his habit of elaborating his favorite author's aphorisms. In Goethe's scene tension mounts until Faust pauses, with the cup of poison at his lips, when the Easter message revives in him the memory of childhood faith; in *Sartor* Carlyle reduced all this to Teufelsdröckh's insipid comment: "from Sui-

[23] Cf. Mephisto's satiric comments on the analytic method and on logic as he (disguised as Faust) initiates a young student into the mysteries of scholastic discipline. See especially lines 1911-21, 1936-39. Cf. also *Sartor*, pp. 40, 53, 130.

[24] Carlyle associated this spiritual waste land with the French rationalism personified in Mephistopheles. "His presence is like a moral Harmattan," Carlyle wrote of Mephisto, "the 'mortifying wind' of the desert, under which every green thing is parched and dies" ("Faustus," p. 78). And this same "moral Harmattan" blighted Teufelsdröckh's world, turning it into the wilderness of "the wide World in an Atheistic Century" (*SR*, pp. 147-148).

cide a certain aftershine *(Nachschein)* of Christianity withheld me" (*SR*, p. 133).[25]

Throughout Teufelsdröckh's crisis, Carlyle relieves the reader's concern over the ultimate fate of his hero; even if in his "fever-paroxysms" the unbelieving Teufelsdröckh is unaware of his spiritual growth, the omniscient editor predicts that the crisis is but a transition, the agony but a fermentation from which "the fiercer it is, the clearer product will one day evolve itself" (*SR*, p. 128).[26] This omniscence and faith in life the editor author shares with the God who appears in the Prologue in Heaven and speaks these Goethean words of divine benevolence to counter Mephisto's skepticism:

> Wenn er mir jetzt auch nur verworren dient,
> So werd ich ihn bald in die Klarheit führen.
> Weiß doch der Gärtner, wenn das Bäumchen grünt,
> Daß Blüt und Frucht die künftgen Jahre zieren.
> (Lines 308-11)

Or again, the familiar words,

> Ein guter Mensch, in seinem dunklen Drange,
> Ist sich des rechten Weges wohl bewußt.
> (Lines 328-29)

So God's predicts Faust's ultimate development, reaching clear knowledge and the right course of action. Although Carlyle could not have known, while writing *Sartor*, the details of Faust's final ascent to higher states of being,[27] he knew the general pattern from Goethe's comments in *Kunst und Altertum*, which he considered important enough to translate. Goethe explained (in Carlyle's translation) that "Faust's character . . . represents a man who, feeling impatient and imprisoned within the limits of mere earthly existence, regards the possession of the highest knowledge, the enjoyment of the fairest blessings, as insufficient even in the slightest degree to satisfy his longing . . ." And he added significantly, "that the composition of a Second Part must necessarily elevate itself altogether away from the hampered sphere of the First, and conduct a man of such a nature into higher regions, under worthier circumstances" (*CME*, I, 164-165). From this, Carlyle concluded accurately that Goethe would not condemn Faust to eternal perdition, that

[25] For Carlyle's detailed description of the suicide scene in *Faust*, see "Faustus," pp. 72-73. *Werther's* importance for the "Sorrows of Teufelsdröckh" hardly needs to be pointed out.

[26] Cf. "To me also . . . it was given, after weariest wanderings, to work out my way into the higher sunlight slopes—of that Mountain which has no summit, or whose summit is in Heaven only!" (*SR*, p. 147).

[27] Carlyle wrote *Sartor Resartus* between Sept. 1830 and July 1831; the second part of *Faust* was not published until 1832.

he would not deem "darkness triumphant over light, blind force over erring reason"; that he would, on the contrary, lead his hero to "Peace grounded on better Knowledge." But, as long as Faust's transformation was not effected, the work was only a "stating of the difficulty," incomplete, yet invaluable, for it provided a "mystic Oracle for the mind" that seemed to "prophesy to us of our destiny" (*CME*, I, 162).[28]

The destiny Carlyle projected was hardly that envisioned by Goethe. The first act of Teufelsdröckh's conversion, the "Annihilation of Self," was as alien to the Faustian nature as Carlyle's puritanism was to Goethe's humanism.[29] "Vain were it for Faust," Carlyle himself pointed out, ". . . to struggle towards infinitude; while to that law of Self-Denial, by which alone man's narrow destiny may become an infinitude within itself, he is still a stranger (*CME*, I, 161). Though Faust never renounced all expectation of fulfilling his boundless aspirations, he ultimately realized that constant longing breeds only constant dissatisfaction. Like the converted Teufelsdröckh, Faust, having experienced an inner illumination, at the end of his life bounded his ambition and focused his vision on his fellow men.[30]

If Carlyle diverged significantly from Goethe on the goal of his hero's development, he concurred in the Goethean belief that activity or the process of development matters equally with the end product, that the metamorphosis is as significant as the moth. Thus he considered it an "unproductive task" to extend Teufelsdröckh's biography beyond the "everlasting yea" when the "imprisoned Chrysalis" has become a "winged Psyche" and "no new revolution, of importance, is to be looked for" (*SR*, p. 162). Instead of mapping out Teufelsdröckh's academic career, he returned to the clothes philosophy in the final book and de-

[28] As early as 1822 Carlyle declared Goethe's *Faust* superior to Marlowe's because it had more bearing on the "habits of a refined and intellectual age" ("Faustus," p. 68). For Goethe, as Carlyle said to Sterling years later, was not an anachronism but a "chronism"—"the only one hitherto discovered on this Planet of ours, in these distracted days of ours." *Letters of Thomas Carlyle to John Stuart Mill, John Sterling and Robert Browning*, ed. Alexander Carlyle (London, 1923), p. 211.

[29] Carlyle derived his concept of renunciation from Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister:* "Well did the Wisest of our time write: 'It is only with Renunciation *(Entsagen)* that Life, properly speaking, can begin" (*SR*, p. 153). The discrepancy between Goethe's meaning and Carlyle's interpretation has been frequently discussed. See particularly C. F. Harrold, *Carlyle and German Thought*, pp. 214-230.

[30] One immediate effect of Teufelsdröckh's "Renunciation" is that he looks at others "with an infinite Love, an infinite Pity" (*SR*, p. 150); he renounces idle suffering and commits himself to serving others. He thus complies with the demand, "close thy *Byron;* open thy *Goethe*" (*SR*, p. 153). On Faust's illumination, which paradoxically occurs when he is blind, see lines 11499-502; it is the blind Faust who hopes to benefit millions of free men: "Eröffn ich Räume vielen Millionen, / Nicht sicher zwar, doch tätig-frei zu wohnen" (11563-64).

duced from Teufelsdröckh's particular conversion its general human application.

Carlyle poses a significant question: Is there not in Teufelsdröckh's view of nature and of life as "but one *Garment,* a 'Living Garment,' woven and ever aweaving in the 'Loom of Time'; is not here, indeed, the outline of a whole *Clothes-Philosophy;* at least the arena it is to work in?" (*SR,* p. 163). Carlyle raises in fact two questions: the nature of existence and the nature of becoming. Just as he here outlines Teufelsdröckh's clothes philosophy in the language of the *Erdgeist* lyric from *Faust,* so he invests his whole metaphysical discussion with the lyric's metaphors and ideas. He renders the lines clumsily and inaccurately:

> In Being's floods, in Action's storm,
> I walk and work, above, beneath,
> Work and weave in endless motion!
> Birth and Death,
> An infinite ocean;
> A seizing and giving
> The fire of Living:
> 'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,
> And weave for God the Garment thou seest Him by.
> (*SR,* p. 43)

"The Garment thou seest Him by" is a revealing Carlylean emendation of Goethe's "der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid," which says nothing about the garment's making visible the godhead; for Goethe nature is divine (coextensive with God), for Carlyle nature merely reflects the divine.[31] For Carlyle-Teufelsdröckh, all visible phenomena, as well as all human acts and institutions, are garments, negligible as matter and significant only as symbolic of spirit. What Carlyle said of Novalis, "the most ideal of Idealists," holds true as well for Teufelsdröckh and the clothes philosophy he unravels:

> the material Creation is but an Appearance, a typical shadow in which the Deity manifests himself to man. Not only has the unseen world a reality, but the only reality: the rest being not metaphorically but literally and in scientific strictness, "a show"; in the words of the Poet [Goethe], *"Schall und Rauch umnebelnd Himmels Gluth,* Sound and Smoke overclouding the Splendour of Heaven."[32]

[31] Teufelsdröckh says that "Nature . . . is the Time-vesture of God" (*SR,* p. 210). He quotes the *Erdgeist* lines to illustrate that "what is changeable [is] divided from what is unchangeable" (p. 213). Faust's belief in an immanent and yet transcendent God may be called panentheism. See Fritz-Joachim von Rintelen, *Der Rang des Geistes* (Tübingen, 1955), pp. 153-155.

[32] "Novalis," *CME,* II, 27-28. Cf. also Carlyle's statement that "in all German systems, since the time of Kant, it is the fundamental principle to deny the existence of Matter" (*CME,* II, 23).

These "words of the Poet," which Carlyle casually lifted out of context, conclude Faust's lyrical evocation of the divine creator; knowing and feeling his omnipresence is everything, says Faust; words are a smoke screen—"Name ist Schall und Rauch, / Umnebelnd Himmelsglut" (lines 3457-58). But to use Faust's words to support the view that material creation is mere show is wide of the mark; for Faust, on the contrary, has earlier dismissed his own vision of divine force and harmony as mere show (*Schauspiel*) because he seeks to experience the cosmic harmony and creativity as palpable reality.[33] Carlyle perhaps came closest to the Faustian monism that tolerates no separation of spirit and matter when in *Sartor* he once more used part of Faust's lecture on divinity, this time combining it with a phrase from the *Erdgeist* lyric: "Or what is Nature? Ha! why do I not name thee GOD? Art not thou the 'Living Garment of God'? O Heavens, is it, in very deed, HE, then, that ever speaks through thee; that lives and loves in thee, that lives and loves in me?" (*SR*, p. 150).[34] But even here, though Carlyle grants nature as great a degree of reality and inherent divinity as he ever does in *Sartor*, nature remains merely the metaphor through which God speaks. Teufelsdröckh borrows Faust's language not to assert an *Allumfasser* who is also immanent in his creation but simply an antimechanist, eternally living spirit which acts upon nature. He does not maintain that God and nature are coextensive but rather that "Nature and Life are one Garment"—*"the living visible Garment of God"* (*SR*, p. 43). He thus denies that nature is "an Aggregate" (*SR*, p. 55), that matter is dead and the universe machinelike, composed of inanimate parts; he affirms ever more ecstatically that, "instead of a dark wasteful Chaos, we have a blooming, fertile, heaven-encompassed World" (p. 157).[35]

It is an axiom of Teufelsdröckh's philosophy that all visible things are emblems. Unlike the emblems of human existence, which become divested of spirit; nature is always a symbol of God. Nonetheless, only the wise man, who has experienced a "Spiritual Newbirth" (*SR*, p. 135), sees "that this fair Universe . . . is in very deed the star-doomed City of God" (p. 210). It is the function of the wisest of all, the prophet, whose eyes have been unsealed by the purifying fire of self-denial, to reveal to those still remaining blind the "glory of a present God" (p.

[33] See *Faust*, lines 454-55.

[34] Cf. *Faust*, lines 3426-58. See also *SR*, p. 155, for further echoes of this passage on Faust's belief in God.

[35] Cf. Carlyle's comment: "for Nature is no longer dead, hostile Matter, but the veil and mysterious Garment of the Unseen; as it were, the Voice with which the Deity proclaims himself to man" (*CME*, II, 29). Goethe, like Carlyle, disliked the analogy of nature to a machine and chastised the French for using the word "composition" in speaking of nature and art (*Werke*, XXIV, 759).

210) in all true symbols. "And knowest thou no Prophet," Teufelsdröckh asks rhetorically, "even in the vesture, environment, and dialect of this age? None to whom the Godlike had revealed itself . . . and by him been again prophetically revealed . . . ? I know him, and name him—Goethe" (p. 202).[36]

Thus the prophet, according to the sartorial gospel, announces the reality of the ideal world and the unreality of the material world; but at the same time he must paradoxically preach that the ideal exists in the actual world of experience. Carlyle could not bring his ethics into line with his metaphysics; he was equally convinced that material existence is worthless except as reflection of the divine, by itself a mere shadow, and also that *"the end of Man is an Action, and not a Thought,* though it were the noblest" (*SR,* p. 126). He was so deeply committed to the gospel of action that, though presumably Teufelsdröckh's most glorious illumination occurred when he looked through the "Shows of things" and "pierced into the mystery of the World" (pp. 164, 165), he dated the "hour of Spiritual Enfranchisement" from the revelation that the ideal world is "in this poor miserable, hampered, despicable Actual" (p. 156).[37] Carlyle here fully sanctioned the anti-intellectual preference of action to thought; and Wilhelm Meister's ultimate belief in the useful life, Faust's commitment to panhuman activity, and the Calvinist doctrine of works all coexist in Teufelsdröckh's clothes philosophy.[38] Carlyle even attributed the gospel of work to nature and set

[36] Cf. a similar statement dating from 1828: "To our minds, in these soft, melodious imaginations of his [Goethe's], there is embodied the Wisdom which is proper to this time; the beautiful, the religious Wisdom, which may still . . . in these hard, unbelieving utilitarian days, reveal to us glimpses of the Unseen but not unreal World, that so the Actual and the Ideal may again meet together, and clear Knowledge be again wedded to Religion, in the life and business of men" (*CME,* I, 208).

[37] I wonder whether, in giving Goethe credit for speaking in the "dialect of his age," Carlyle meant his own dialect of *Sartor*—language of a "mythological, metaphorical, cabalistico-sartorial and quite antediluvian cast" (*SR,* p. 29). This description is certainly close to the style of the Helena fragment which Carlyle characterized as follows: "this doctrine [Faust's development] is to be stated emblematically and parabolically; so that it might seem as if, in Goethe's hands, the history of Faust, commencing among the realities of every-day existence . . . may fade away, at its termination, into a phantasmagoric region, where symbol and thing signified are no longer clearly distinguished . . . " (*CME,* I, 195).

[38] Carlyle's belief in the saving virtue of action was shared by many writers of his generation. John Sterling's comment in 1828 was typical: "while there is within a living power, restless and aspiring, there are also hope and strength and comfort." *Essays and Tales,* ed. Julius Charles Hare (London, 1848), II, 9. On Victorian activism, see Jerome H. Buckley, *William Ernest Henley* (Princeton, 1945), pp. 3-27; on its anti-intellectual implications, see Walter E. Houghton, "Victorian Anti-Intellectualism," *JHI,* XVI (1952), 310-311; on its relation to Fichte and other German thinkers, see Harrold, *Carlyle and German Thought,* pp. 208-214.

the Earth Spirit to work in "an ever-working Universe" (*SR*, p. 31): "in Action's storm, / I walk and work . . . / Work and weave in endless motion" (p. 43).

Through producing, "were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a Product" (*SR*, p. 157), man engages in the important task of refashioning the outworn garments of this world. Teufelsdröckh's clothes philosophy does not posit static symbols but projects a world in which God's works and man's works are in constant flux and transition. Because they are finite, woven on the "Loom of Time," the world's garments become superannuated when they stop being the "Time-vesture of the Eternal" (p. 58). The moribund garments must be deliberately stripped off, burned, and retailored from nobler cloth. Thus all garments (natural, social, intellectual) partake of the elemental rhythm of the Earth Spirit—"Geburt und Grab, / Ein ewiges Meer, / Ein wechselnd Weben" (lines 505-506)—in the process of palingenesia.[39] "Society," says Teufelsdröckh optimistically, "is not dead; that Carcass, which you call dead Society, is but her mortal coil which she has shuffled-off, to assume a nobler; she herself, through perpetual metamorphoses, in fairer and fairer development, has to live till Time also merge in Eternity" (p. 188). Whereas the Mephistophelian *alter ego* of Teufelsdröckh once gloated over the decay of man's works, the new-born Teufelsdröckh sees a hopeful sign in the "process of devastation and waste, which . . . will effectually enough annihilate the past Forms of Society" (*SR*, p. 187).

Here the motif of spiritual conversion recurs as the palingenesia of the world. The extinction of society corresponds precisely to individual self-annihilation; the chapter on "The Phoenix" stands in the same relation to the philosophical third book of *Sartor* as "The Everlasting Yea" to the biographical second book. The "business of Destruction" (*SR*, p. 197) is in both cases accomplished through the "fever-paroxysms of Doubt" (p. 92), the "Genius of Mechanism" (p. 176), and the "monster UTILITARIA" (p. 188). It is a necessary business because the old Adam must be "dislodged" (p. 147), the "World-Phoenix" must burn before mankind can redeem itself. For the individual as for society the maxim holds that "but for Evil there were no Good, as victory is only possible by battle" (p. 102). The new-born Teufelsdröckh therefore regards the process of dismantling with equanimity not because, like Mephisto, he hopes all will return to nothing[40]

[39] Carlyle probably derived his concept of palingenesia from Goethe but also found it confirmed in Herder, Fichte, Schiller, and Novalis, as well as in the social doctrines of the Saint-Simonians.

[40] Cf. Faust's faith in the "heilsam-schaffenden Gewalt," the divine creativity that Mephisto vainly opposes (*Faust*, lines 1379-82).

but because he knows that, "while the serpent sheds its old skin, the new is already formed beneath" (p. 194). What he calls "organic filaments," the vital, new forms of social institutions, are taking shape even during the period of destruction.[41]

In the third book of *Sartor Resartus,* Carlyle thus resolved the warfare between the forces of light and darkness, between Faustian enthusiasm and Mephistophelian nihilism, not by giving victory to one side or the other but by incorporating both in the higher unity defined by the Earth Spirit; the contesting forces serve a single process, palingenesia.[42] Within this continual cycle of metamorphoses, Carlyle assigned the negative job of tearing down to the mechanistic-atheistic view of the universe, the utilitarian concept of human nature and society, and the epistemological methods of logic and skepticism. For constructive work, he mustered the theistic-mystical view of the universe as symbol of divine essence, the dynamic concept of nature and society as living organism, and the resources of the unconscious, intuition, fantasy, and myth. The great representative of the one view is Voltaire; the prophetic voice of the other, Goethe.

The tremendous impact of *Sartor Resartus* all through the Victorian era and well beyond it on novelists, philosophers, historians, and scientists (e.g., Trollope, William Hale White, E. E. Caird, T. H. Huxley, Froude, G. M. Trevelyan)[43] surely owed a great deal to the optimistic

[41] Cf. also this well-known passage: "If our era is the Era of Unbelief, why murmur under it; is there not a better coming, nay come? As in long-drawn systole and long-drawn diastole, must the period of Faith alternate with the period of Denial . . . " (*SR,* p. 91). According to C. F. Harrold, Carlyle derived both the doctrine and the terms of historical periodicity from Goethe's notes to the *West-Östlicher Divan.* Carlyle translated the relevant passage in "Diderot," *CME,* III, 248. See Harrold, *op. cit.,* pp. 171-174.

[42] Carlyle once inferred the pattern of cyclical development from still another passage in *Faust,* the Prologue in Heaven. At the request of Abraham Hayward, who translated *Faust* in 1833, he explained the lines in which God turns from Mephistopheles to address the archangels:

> "Doch ihr, die echten Göttersöhne,
> Erfreut Euch der lebendig-reichen Schöne!
> Das Werdende, das ewig wirkt und lebt,
> Umfaß euch mit der Liebe holden Schranken,
> Und was in schwankender Erscheinung schwebt,
> Befestiget mit dauernden Gedanken!"
> (Lines 344-49)

He observed that, though these lines were untranslatable, their meaning was distinct: " 'let Being (or Existence) which is every where a glorious birth into higher Being, as it for ever works and lives, encircle you with the soft ties of Love; and whatsoever wavers in the doubtful empire of appearance' (as all earthly things do), 'that do ye by enduring thought make firm.' " Notes to Hayward's translation, *Faust: A Dramatic Poem by Goethe,* London, 1833, p. 22.

[43] R. H. Hutton spoke for all who responded deeply to *Sartor* when he said that Carlyle "had all the gifts" for the task of criticism of society, "especially

message of the book, the emphatic and (at its best) suggestive affirmation of the spiritual essence of life and the "self-perfecting vitality" of mankind. It is no accident that Professor Arnold Toynbee, polymath of our generation, follows Carlyle's cyclical interpretation and application of Goethe's Earth Spirit lyric.[44] Carlyle offered no specific answers to the fundamental questions he raised concerning the nature of the laws governing the universe. He only assured his readers that the whole answer was not to be found in the mechanistic determinism of the Holbachs and Benthams, nor in astronomical hypotheses nor in utilitarian ethics. By offering an emblematic ground plan, namely the outline of a spiritual process operative in the individual life, in society, and in the universe, he provided "architectural ideas" from which "innumerable inferences of a practical nature may be drawn" (*SR*, p. 216).

Carlyle's debt to *Faust* for these ideas is considerable. His inference from the Prologue in Heaven that the visible universe is "every where a birth into higher being" extended to a cosmic application his basic metaphor of conversion. From the fixed point of his vision of Faust's evolution into higher life and of Goethe as a "mind working itself into clearer and clearer freedom; gaining a more and more perfect dominion of its world" (*CME*, II, 430), his thought moved in a spiral orbit in which Goethe's spiritual history, the "ideal emblem of all true men's in these days" (*CME*, II, 440), evolved into a universal process of cyclical development. He broadened the pattern of conversion, the reconciliation of conflicting impulses within the soul, to the palingenesia of society in which the Fausto-Mephistophelian polarity served the unending rhythm of annihilation and creation. Over and over again in all his writings, but most comprehensively in *Sartor Resartus*, Carlyle's thought retraced the same pattern even as it shifted from the individual life to social institutions and cosmic existence. At the fixed center of the spiral of Carlyle's philosophy stands his interpretation of Goethe's *Faust*.[45]

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that marvellous insight into the social power of symbols which made him always maintain that fantasy was the organ of divinity. He has often been called a prophet, and though I have too little sympathy with his personal conception of good and evil so to class him . . . he certainly had to the full the prophet's insight into the power of parable and type, and the prophet's eye for the forces which move society, and inspire multitudes with contagious enthusiasm, whether for good or ill." "Thomas Carlyle," in *Criticisms on Contemporary Thought and Thinkers* (London, 1894) I, 10-11. For a recent discussion of Carlyle's importance for the Victorians, see Kathleen Tillotson, *Novels of the Eighteen-Forties*, (Oxford, 1956), pp. 150-156.

[44] *A Study of History*, abridged by D. C. Somervell (New York and London, 1951), p. 556.

[45] I am glad to acknowledge that this article was completed during my tenure of an A.A.U.W. fellowship.

LOWRY NELSON, JR.

Baudelaire and Virgil: A Reading of "Le Cygne"

BAUDELAIRE'S evocation of an episode from the *Aeneid* in his poem "Le Cygne" is an excellent example of what we may call with special emphasis *literary* allusion. It is quite common in literature for one work to allude to another. An obvious case is direct translation or paraphrase. Byron in *Don Juan,* for example, felicitously renders the beginning of *Purgatory* VIII and a fragment of Sappho for the purpose of enhancing his own description of the twilight hour.[1] But the allusion is limited. Nothing in Byron's context allows the reference to Dante's *Purgatory* to echo and expand. And he simply incorporates Sappho's fragment whole. A more complex sort of literary allusion occurs when the whole range of association in the work or passage cited is relevant to its new context. The modern master of such allusion is T. S. Eliot. To choose a familiar instance, at the beginning of the second part of *The Waste Land* the rich neurotic lady in her heavily luxurious surroundings is described in terms borrowed from Shakespeare and Milton. As usual with Eliot, the allusions work ironically and sardonically to contrast, in this instance, the empty present of the lady with the heroic past of Cleopatra and the idyllic past of a paradise since lost.

Still more complex is Baudelaire's allusion in "Le Cygne," where he not only borrows words and phrases from the *Aeneid,* but incorporates all the resonance of the episode to which he alludes into his own poem. The episode is Aeneas's encounter with Andromache and Helenus.[2]

[1] Canto III, stanzas 107 and 108.

[2] Baudelaire's "source" is emphatically not Racine's *Andromaque.* A number of commentators (for example, Albert Feuillerat, "L'Architecture des *Fleurs du Mal,*" *Yale Romanic Studies,* XVIII, New Haven, 1941, 84-85) err in carrying over their memory of Racine. Though Racine in his prefaces to *Andromaque* avows

Books II and III of the *Aeneid* constitute a flashback; Aeneas is bidden by Dido to recount the fall of Troy, his escape, and his wanderings. Throughout his account, and indeed throughout the *Aeneid*, the reader is never allowed to forget that Aeneas is in the process of fulfilling his fate. It is his high destiny, set by Fate and Jupiter, to found the race that, long after his death, will build a city to last eternally. In comparison with Aeneas and his supremely fateful enterprise, all those he encounters on his journey—Dido, Polydorus, Andromache, Helenus, and all the dead in Avernus—seem pathetic and unfulfilled, abandoned and cut off. Aeneas is beset by toil and suffering; he is kept long years from reaching his fated goal: "tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem." Yet he is engaged in the business of living importantly, working out the significant essence which will finally be realized at his death.

Virgil's lower world contains, fixed for eternity, those who have already realized their essence. His scheme embraces, according to later commentators, nine circles or categories of the dead (Dante's clear point of departure)—among them the souls of the untimely dead ("quos dulcis vitae exsortis et ab ubere raptos / abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo," VI, 428-9), the suicides, the lovers ("quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit," VI, 442), the warriors, the tortured inhabitants of Tartarus, and the blessed inhabitants of Elysium. Even the last are described with a kind of pathos (Aeneas speaks of his father's "tristis imago," VI, 695); for they are no longer in a state of becoming, but have reached the end where nothing further can add to their essence. Except for those who will be granted purgation and forgetfulness and be reborn, they have perforce taken up their stance to all eternity, exiled from the process of life.

Even more pathetic are the living whose lives are over and who can only live them out in repetition or stasis. This is the condition of Andromache and Helenus in Book III. After the heroic grandeur and important suffering of the Trojan War, life for most of those who were unlucky enough to survive it meant exile, humiliation, and emptiness. When Andromache's husband, Hector, was killed by Achilles and when Troy was finally taken, she, now a slave, fell to the lot of Pyrrhus (Neoptolemus), the son of Achilles. Pyrrhus begot children on her and

a single source (with the exception of a mere touch from Euripides) in the third *Aeneid*, we should note that he deals with Andromache while she is still the slave of Pyrrhus (Helenus does not appear in the tragedy), that he takes the liberty of setting the action in Epirus, and that he permits Astyanax to survive the sack of Troy. There are of course general resemblances between Virgil's and Racine's Andromache; still, in Baudelaire, only Virgil can be discerned. I should mention that Baudelaire set as an epigraph to the first publication of his poem a phrase from the Andromache episode in Virgil: "falsi Simoentis ad undam."

then gave her over to Helenus, a son of Priam and now a slave himself, when he conceived a passion for Hermione, daughter of Helen and Menelaus and bride of Orestes. In his familiar role as avenger, Orestes overtook Pyrrhus and slew him. For some reason or other, part of Pyrrhus's inheritance went to Helenus—a remote land on the coast of Epirus which he named Chaonia after a man from Troy.

Aeneas, in his wanderings, hears the "incredible" news that Helenus rules over "Greek cities." Inflamed by a strange longing to see the hero and to know his adventures, Aeneas heads for Epirus. There, in a grove outside the city, by the waters of a mock Simoïs ("falsi Simoëntis ad undam"), he encounters the tearful Andromache invoking and placating the shade of Hector at the empty tomb she has constructed ("Hectoreum ad tumulum, viridi quem caespite inanem . . . "). She faints at the sight of him. When she recovers she asks, in effect, whether he is a phantom and, if he is, where then is Hector. In her living death, the distinction is not really important; she had consummated her essence in the great life she had with Hector in Troy; her life now is stasis, meaningful only in communion with the past and with the dead. She goes on to recount her sad life since the Trojan War, much in the same way the souls in the lower world describe the point of their lives. But then she breaks off, since there is really nothing more to tell, and asks about Aeneas' fate and the fate of his son Ascanius, of the same age as her dead child Astyanax. Helenus approaches and, after greetings, leads Aeneas to his city, a little replica of Troy ("parvam Troiam"). Such is the place he has built in the remote land of Epirus. It is "simulata," made to look like the great Troy, with its own river Xanthus, a a pathetic dry creek:

> procedo et parvam Troiam simulataque magnis
> Pergama et arentem Xanthi cognomine rivum
> agnosco . . .

Here, in relative splendor, Aeneas is entertained for an indefinitely long time ("iamque dies alterque dies processit"), till the winds of fate begin again to swell his sails. He then approaches Helenus, who has fame as a seer, and asks his advice on his future course:

> quae prima pericula vito?
> quidve sequens tantos possim superare labores?

Helenus tells him that his suffering and wandering are not ended, but that in time he will reach the Lavinian shores and will find the place where Rome will be founded: "is locus urbis erit, requies ea certa laborum." There is something ironic and peculiarly Virgilian about "that

certain rest from travail." After all, Rome will not be founded for generations; the whole enterprise will not be completed in Aeneas' lifetime; besides, we know, having read the poem, that he will encounter war and all manner of dangers when he lands. That emphatic *requies* means, more than anything, a significant death; it certainly does not mean suburban ease. Virgilian melancholy or gentle despair also encompasses Aeneas, for he too is an exile. Helenus' prophecy now becomes more circumstantial: Aeneas must avoid Scylla and Charybdis; he must appease Juno; he must consult the Sibyl at Cumae and descend into Avernus. Then, at Aeneas' departure, the already accomplished fate of Andromache and Helenus is given its last and strongest stress.

Following the ancient custom, Helenus presents Aeneas and his band with gifts. Andromache, not to be outdone, brings precious garments of her own making as a gift for Ascanius. She says to him:

> accipe et haec, manuum tibi quae monimenta mearum
> sint, puer, et longum Andromachae testentur amorem,
> coniugis Hectoreae.

They are *monimenta,* formal memorials, a pathetic means of associating herself with a high destiny as yet unfulfilled. In the formality of her presentation she names herself and adds, in apposition, "coniugis Hectoreae," for it was in that role (curiously stressed by the adjectival form of Hector's name) that she achieved all that was important to her earthly essence. The final touch is her pathetic likening of Ascanius to her own dead son:

> cape dona extrema tuorum,
> o mihi sola mei super Astyanactis imago.
> sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat;
> et nunc aequali tecum pubesceret aevo.

In her sadly desperate imagination Ascanius has served, along with the false Simoïs, the dry Xanthus, and the little Troy, as a temporary means of restoring the old days. Her cult of the past is, as it were, an instinctive recognition that she is now among the living dead.

All the more ironic and pathetic, then, is Aeneas's valediction:

> vivite felices, quibus est fortuna peracta
> iam sua: nos alia ex aliis in fata vocamur.
> vobis parta quies.

On one level the "vivite felices" is merely a conventional formula like "good-bye." But surely the words are charged with compassionate irony: for Andromache and Helenus, living is over and done with and their chance of happiness and fulfilment has long since past. In-

deed, Aeneas goes on to console them gently. Their fortune, for better or worse, has already run its course ("peracta"). While Aeneas and his followers are called upon to meet the vicissitudes of continuing destiny, they now have achieved rest:

> vobis parta quies: nullum maris aequor arandum,
> arva neque Ausoniae semper cedentia retro
> quaerenda.

They have their "effigiem Xanthi Troiamque" made by their own labor under, Aeneas hopes, better auspices than the old Troy and less in the way of the Greeks. Aeneas then promises that, when he reaches the Tiber (emphatically repeated as a river parallel to the others named), he will join the two regions, Italy and Epirus, since they have a common origin and a common lot. But the joining will be in the mind and spirit:

> si quando Thybrim vicinaque Thybridis arva
> intraro gentique meae data moenia cernam,
> cognatas urbes olim populosque propinquos,
> Epiro Hesperiam (quibus idem Dardanus auctor
> atque idem casus), unam faciemus utramque
> Troiam animis: maneat nostros ea cura nepotes.

By now the cities have multiplied: the original Troy, now razed, the "little Troy" of Helenus and Andromache, the future Troy that will be Rome, and a Troy of the mind. That is some consolation for the past and some hope for the future. But it is a future beyond the participation and control of Andromache and Helenus. Even Aeneas, who significantly changes to the first person plural ("faciemus"), will not live to see it. There is a suggestion here of almost infinite alienation; the sack of Troy and the exile of the surviving Trojans is very much like the expulsion from a paradise that then continues to haunt men like an irrecoverable dream.

Such a reading of the passage is, I think, implied by Baudelaire's evocation of it in "Le Cygne."[3] His major theme in the poem is exile, to be taken in the widest range of meanings: isolation, deprivation,

[3] I cite the text in Baudelaire's *Œuvres*, ed. Y.-G. Le Dantec (Paris, 1954) pp. 157-159. The text was originally published in the Jan. 22, 1860 issue of *La Causerie*. The commentaries and notes in J.-D. Hubert's *L'Esthétique des "Fleurs du Mal"* (Geneva, 1953) and in *Les Fleurs du Mal*, ed. Jacques Crépet and Georges Blin (Paris, 1942), are in different ways most helpful. Robert-Benoît Chérix, in his *Essai d'une critique intégrale: Commentaire des "Fleurs du Mal"* (Geneva, 1949) is not particularly illuminating. Much could be made of the school exercise in Latin verse (1837) which its recent editor has entitled "L'exilé" (Charles Baudelaire, *Vers latins*, ed. Jules Mouquet, Paris, 1933, 2nd ed., pp. 57-61). It concerns an exile from the Terror who is expelled across the Rhine as "non Gallus," only to

abandonment, exclusion, inadequacy, and more. His main audience and prime symbol is Andromache:

> Andromaque, je pense à vous!

And he is thinking of her just as Virgil describes her:

> Ce petit fleuve,
> Pauvre et triste miroir où jadis resplendit
> L'immense majesté de vos douleurs de veuve,
> Ce Simoïs menteur qui par vos pleurs grandit,
>
> A fécondé soudain ma mémoire fertile,
> Comme je traversais le nouveau Carrousel.

Already certain identifications are made. The "falsus Simoïs" has suffered a further remove—it is now also the Seine. Paris has become another, even less real, "parva Troia." The poet imagines this storied river as having long ago reflected like a mirror the sorrows of widowed Andromache. The pathos is enhanced by the contrast between the river, "pauvre et triste," and the "immense majesté" of Andromache; but then, with fitting irony, her tears are the source whereby the poor sad river grows to its present deceptive size, now doubly "menteur." Again ironically, her salt tears have had the power suddenly to "fecundate" his already all-too-fertile memory. Here the metaphor of springs and streams as sources of poetic inspiration is revitalized by the concrete implication of the river bringing water to irrigate the land and cause it to bloom. On one metaphorical level what blooms from the brackish water are sadly nostalgic memories. Still, the scene here is urban and in the poem cities represent change and evanescence:

> Le vieux Paris n'est plus (la forme d'une ville
> Change plus vite, hélas! que le cœur d'un mortel).

An archetypal memory is about to be invoked, a memory associated with the old Paris and set with precision in the old Place du Carrousel, which in the old days had been a jumble of ancient buildings between the Louvre and the Tuileries.

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return at night. The final lines are suggestive of later Baudelairean alienation:

> "Parva sed ingentis restant solatia casûs,
> Quod circum patriam vecti notumque per amnem,
> Obscurosque procul colles dilectaque patrum
> Ejecti castella vident, aurâque fruuntur
> Quae forsan patriis flores libavit in hortis."

I should mention also that certain phrases in "Le Cygne" are to be found elsewhere in the *Fleurs du Mal:* in "La Chevelure," "L'Irréparable," "Moesta et errabunda," "A une passante," and "Le Voyage" (sec. II).

> Je ne vois qu'en esprit tout ce camp de baraques,
> Ces tas de chapiteaux ébauchés et de fûts,
> Les herbes, les gros blocs verdis par l'eau des flaques,
>
> Et brillant aux carreaux, le bric-à-brac confus.

The old Paris is now only a city of the mind; and the part of it evoked here was a kind of city within a city. Not only that, it was a mock city. The poet sets it only in his mind's eye: it was a campground of hovels and booths (as in a market or a fair), transient and half-dismantled. There were heaps of roughly hewn or vaguely painted capitals and shafts, perhaps, by implication, on a flat surface like stage scenery. They were not even whole columns, but only the separate pieces. Weeds had grown up and large rough blocks of building material had become moss-covered lying in puddles; even in the past the scene was largely of random and discarded objects, though gleaming ironically on the windowpanes.

In this, the most concretely topographical of his poems, Baudelaire alludes in general to the "urban renewal" under Napoleon III and in particular to the demolition of buildings which before 1852 had stood between the Louvre and the Tuileries. In his *Nouveau dictionnaire historique de Paris,*[4] Gustave Pessard quotes without giving the source an illuminating description of the old quarter:

> Vers cette époque, la *place du Carrousel,* très mal éclairée par quelques rares lanternes à l'huile et formant un dédale inextricable de petites rues était un véritable coupe-gorge quand arrivait la nuit, de sorte que c'est à peine si les passants osaient s'y hasarder seuls à cause des sinistres habitués des bouges environnants. Le jour, les baraques de brocanteurs, de bouquinistes, de marchands d'oiseaux installés contre des palissades en bois avaient envahi les moindres espaces laissés vides, l'herbe poussait entre le pavés disjoints et pour compléter le déplorable état de cette place, un large égout nauséabond s'engouffrait au pied des palissades vermoulues placées de tous côtés.

Another witness is Balzac's description in *La Cousine Bette* of Mme Marneffe's residence on the rue du Doyenné. Indeed, from guide books and other sources it is possible to gather much testimony to the squalor and antiquity of the district.[5]

It would be just such a place (dear, of course, to Baudelaire's heart) where amid the hovels and the sordid booths of shady merchants, a traveling menagerie might camp.

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[4] Paris, 1904.

[5] Compare, for instance, the maps and descriptions in two issues of *Galignani's New Paris Guide:* that of 1848 (p. 155) and that of 1854 (p. 170). See also David H. Pinkney, *Napoleon III and the Rebuilding of Paris* (Princeton, 1958), especially plates 12, 13, 14.

Là s'étalait jadis une ménagerie,
Là je vis, un matin, à l'heure où sous les cieux
Froids et clairs le Travail s'éveille, où la voirie
Pousse un sombre ouragan dans l'air silencieux,

Un cygne . . .

It is early morning, cold and clear, the time when the squalor of the place would be most harshly visible. The workers, or better, the "work force" awaken and set about, in abstract depersonalized form, doing their anonymous tasks; they too are alien to other people's rubbish and litter. "Le Travail" represents both the laborers and, by its very abstraction, the whole concept or condition of inescapable daily work. Already the street cleaners have begun to raise an unnatural and therefore exotic and foreign "hurricane" of dust and debris, now "sombre" in the daylight. Their splashing of water and raising of dust is as unnatural in the environment as a typhoon. In this harsh setting the swan appears, having gained its ironic freedom:

Là je vis . . .

Un cygne qui s'était évadé de sa cage,
Et, de ses pieds palmés frottant le pavé sec,
Sur le sol raboteux traînait son blanc plumage.
Près d'un ruisseau sans eau la bête ouvrant le bec

Baignait nerveusement ses ailes dans la poudre,
Et disait, le cœur plein de son beau lac natal:
"Eau, quand donc pleuvras-tu? quand tonneras-tu, foudre?"
Je vois ce malheureux, mythe étrange et fatal,

Vers le ciel quelquefois, comme l'homme d'Ovide,
Vers le ciel ironique et cruellement bleu,
Sur son cou convulsif tendant sa tête avide,
Comme s'il adressait des reproches à Dieu!

The "fecundating" memory of Andromache has brought to the poet's mind the image of the swan, for their plights are parallel in many ways. Both are ironically free: Andromache is no longer in bondage, the swan is no longer confined in its cage. But what use is freedom? Andromache has constructed with Helenus a little Troy that serves as a cage to imprison her in the past. The swan has escaped, not to its "beau lac natal," but to new confinement in a hostile environment: a harsh dry street, rough ground, a waterless stream. Ironically, it attempts to bathe its white wings in the dust. The "sombre ouragan" was a parody of nature. Now the swan, "mythe étrange et fatal," is imagined as invoking the natural, the fecundating processes of nature—rain, or even merely the presage of thunder. It is still a further irony that, just as Andromache's

"simulated" Troy could not bring back the past, so the rain the swan invokes could not restore it to its natural element. She is exiled in her city in Epirus, and the swan is exiled in the city of Paris. For both the "fair weather" is ironic. Andromache's days are in a sense serene, for she has achieved rest; as Aeneas says to her and Helenus, "vobis parta quies." For the swan the sky, "ironique et cruellement bleu," is a source of despair for the possibility of alleviation. Its longing head is stretched upward by its convulsive neck like the version of newly created man in Ovid; but the literary allusion is again ironic.

At the beginning of the *Metamorphoses* Ovid, in his generally optimistic celebration of the natural world and its continual processes, asserts that a god ("quisquis fuit ille deorum") gave man an upright countenance and bade him turn his eyes skyward:

> Pronaque cum spectent animalia cetera terram,
> [deus] os homini sublime dedit caelumque videre
> iussit et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.
> (I, 84-6)

In several ways the allusion is ironic. The swan is a swan; by an effort of its supple neck it can turn its head upward to the sky; but no help, no communion, no relief seems to come from there. Much more, then, according to the Ovidian text, should a man be able to express his nobility and importance by gazing skyward in the expectation of help or recognition. But still the sky remains ironically and cruelly blue. Indeed, the swan, quite unlike Ovid's man, seems even to be casting reproaches at God. In such a way the swan can become a symbol of man's condition without the poet having to resort to a moral too obviously drawn as in "L'Albatros" ("Le Poëte est semblable au prince des nuées"). Even Ovid himself is drawn into the context, since he of all men is the archetype of the exiled poet.[6] By indirection we are reminded also that the whole poem is, like others in the "Tableaux parisiens," dedicated to Victor Hugo, now exiled under the dictatorship of Napoleon III, the "renewer" of the old Paris. It may seem, however, that Baudelaire is personifying too directly and too circumstantially in his image of the swan. After all, swans do not talk. Besides, Baudelaire does not elsewhere personify animals nearly so intensely; he certainly does not have them speak. But the way is prepared by the parallel with Andromache and even by the human suggestion in the technical term "pieds palmés."

[6] As witness this stanza from "Horreur sympathique":

> "—Insatiablement avide
> De l'obscur et de l'incertain,
> Je ne geindrai pas comme Ovide
> Chassé du paradis latin."

Most important, swans do traditionally sing at the approach of death and poetically they are presented as "talking" in extremis. The citation of Ovid's man cannot help but carry the relevant aura of metamorphosis. The swan is, in fact, a neo-Ovidian "mythe étrange et fatal."

Through Andromache's memory of old Troy and the swan's memory of its "beau lac natal" comes the transition to the second part of the poem. Here, in a kind of desperate and pathetic catalogue, the poet directs our attention not to complex actions and detailed "tableaux," but rather to figures caught for the rest of their lives in repetitive and futile situations. Their stance has been fixed in actuality and in memory by irrevocable and irremediable circumstance. The city, or cities, may change. And change is at least something. But memory preserves and resists; it carries the burden of the unconsolable past over into the alien present.

> Paris change! mais rien dans ma mélancolie
> N'a bougé! palais neufs, échafaudages, blocs,
> Vieux faubourgs, tout pour moi devient allégorie,
> Et mes chers souvenirs sont plus lourds que des rocs.

Even the old faubourgs partake of the changing new and become part of an allegory—they represent unsubstantially something other than themselves. The irony basically derives from the assertion that the poet's sardonically "dear" memories are weightier than rocks or than the buildings, whether they be under construction or newly built or even old. The changing city, and not the mind, represents, ironically, the transience and irrevocability of life.

The reader emerges into a vivid present tense and into a precise location: "Aussi devant ce Louvre une image m'opprime." The effect of "ce" is presumably to concretize, even though there is only one Louvre. In the light of the previous stanza, the effect of the verb "opprime" (eventually from "ob" and "premere") is also to concretize; its meaning is not merely "oppresses," in the usual French and English sense, but primarily "presses down" or "weighs upon." The "image" is precisely that of the swan elaborated in the first part of the poem. Here is a sort of memory within memory; the poem recalls its earlier self.

> Je pense à mon grand cygne, avec ses gestes fous,
> Comme les exilés, ridicule et sublime,
> Et rongé d'un désir sans trêve! . . .

The figure of the swan has now become one of the several archetypes to be evoked as in a ceremonial roll call. They are all archetypes of the exiled or alienated, so out of harmony with their surroundings (people, places, even the "sol raboteux") that they are "ridicules" and yet so

nobly or tenaciously assertive of their essence that they are, in the several senses of the word (including the Ovidian), "sublimes." The same sort of internal reference recurs when the poet evokes again, in summary fashion, the image of Andromache:

et puis [je pense] à vous,

Andromaque, des bras d'un grand époux tombée,
Vil bétail, sous la main du superbe Pyrrhus,
Auprès d'un tombeau vide en extase courbée;
Veuve d'Hector, hélas! et femme d'Hélénus!

Here is her life *in parvo,* presented now with telescoped brevity; she is "tombée" directly beside the "tombeau." She has fallen from the arms of her great husband (one recalls their memorable embrace in the parting scene in the *Iliad*) and has come, like a lowly chattel, even "cattle," under the sway of the proud Pyrrhus. There is almost a further corroboration of her likeness to the swan; she, a human being (which implies a certain dignity, an "os sublime"), has become, by harsh metamorphosis, a "vil bétail." She has had to exchange the encompassing and plural arms for submission to the threatening and singular hand. Though now she is finally free from servitude to Pyrrhus, she is still seen, in this final archetypal image we have of her, as *bent* over the empty tomb of Hector; for she is still in bondage which no "freedom" can annul. The word "extase" derives richness from its Greek origin. Though fixed for life in a kind of stasis, she finds, in mourning for Hector, some ironic movement and transcendence of time into the timeless. But, in reality, the timeless is simply the irrecoverable past; her "ecstasy" is far from the ecstasy of carefree bliss. We are brought back to the "real" present of the poem by the now weighty line:

Veuve d'Hector, hélas! et femme d'Hélénus!

At this point, by multiple evocation of memory, the great archetypes of Andromache and the swan have been elaborated and fixed in their stance. The circle, wide by implication, can now expand by example.

One does not need to know that Jeanne Duval is "la négresse" of the next stanza. Yet perhaps the implication for those who know something of Baudelaire's biography enhances the concreteness we found in the precise references to places in Paris. The vivid contrast between the exile and the environment is still strongly drawn, however, without that knowledge.

Je pense à la négresse, amaigrie et phthisique,
Piétinant dans la boue, et cherchant, l'œil hagard,
Les cocotiers absents de la superbe Afrique
Derrière la muraille immense du brouillard.

In a northern city she is clearly out of place—"exiled" from Africa and "exiled" in the city for being a "négresse." With awkward animal gestures like the swan, she tramples in the city mud, seeking through the city fog, with her wild eyes, the coconut trees of Africa. The incongruity is heightened by the contrast between the mud of the city and the desirable, exotic coconut trees of proud (that is, noble and unbowed) Africa. Moreover, the pathos of her futile search is expressed in the taut phrase "Les cocotiers absents"; she is seeking things that by definition are absent. Vainly, she is seeking them behind an immense wall of fog. The city walls are confining enough, but they are at least real and obviously ineluctable; the wall of fog is insubstantial and therefore ironically enticing. Yet the wall of fog is, in the emphasis of the passage, the more cruel and pervasive; since it deceptively seems eventually penetrable, it is even more of a wall than real walls. In ironic contrast to Andromache, "la négresse," instead of constructing walls or building a sort of African oasis in the midst of the city, is trying to free herself from the cage of walls and the circumambient wall of fog. But neither is physically in bondage nor yet spiritually free.

These are not rare instances of "exile." There are many in the human condition. In the last two stanzas of the poem the poet generalizes them into category after category, finally stressing the endlessness of the list in the final phrase: "[je pense] à bien d'autres encor!" He thinks

> A quiconque a perdu ce qui ne se retrouve
> Jamais, jamais! à ceux qui s'abreuvent de pleurs
> Et tettent la Douleur comme une bonne louve!
> Aux maigres orphelins séchant comme des fleurs!

The category of those who have lost the irrecoverable is the largest of all—it includes all the others in the poem, more particularly those who ironically "quench" their thirst on their own salt tears and suckle Sorrow as if it were a kindly wolf. The ironies are many. One is suggested in the relation between man and nature. Sorrow reduces one to a kind of animal state as implied perhaps by the word "s'abreuvent" and of course by the "bonne *louve*." Then, too, there is an ironic reference in the image of the suckling wolf, the counterpart of the wolf that suckled Romulus and Remus. In the old legend Remus is slain for jumping over the little walls of Romulus' little Rome.[7] But of course that Rome had a future. It would become the new Troy *rediviva*, more glorious than the old; it would become the archetype of cities. But in the poem we

[7] One might note that Romulus and Remus, born of a violated vestal virgin, Rhea Silvia, who named Mars as her ravisher, were set adrift in a basket on the swollen Tiber which then receded, leaving them on dry land. See Livy I, iv. For the two versions of Remus' death, see Livy I, vii.

know what cities have been since the prime archetype, Troy, was sacked and since that "paradise" was lost. So the "bonne louve" brought forth more sorrow than joy; in the perspective of latter days the wolf can serve as a complex ironic symbol. The implied image of Romulus and Remus, orphans exposed, suggests also those orphans who have not even a "bonne louve." They are "exiles" in life, forever deprived of their natural element (their "beau lac natal" or their "superbe Afrique"); inevitably, then, they wither, pathetically, like flowers (again, an ironic image of nature) and, by implication, like flowers cut from their parental roots.

Still further categories are enumerated in the final stanza.

> Ainsi dans la forêt où mon esprit s'exile
> Un vieux Souvenir sonne à plein souffle du cor!
> Je pense aux matelots oubliés dans une île,
> Aux captifs, aux vaincus! . . . à bien d'autres encor!

The culminating "ainsi" refers not merely to the previous stanza but to the poem as a whole; this is a summary or even a didactic statement, stressing the universality of these archetypal "exiles." The mind of the poet, who has so emphatically placed his point of observation in the city, can "exile itself" in a mental forest—exile in the city and, within the city, exile in a forest of the mind. An old memory resounds like a full-breathed hunting horn, nostalgic and searching, haunting and hunting. It is *the* memory the poem is about, the whole complex of memories which by association, as the poem shows, elaborate themselves one by one and coalesce as a single chain and a single capitalized "Souvenir." The poem, then, is in some way circular. Andromache has led to the swan and to the "négresse" and to all the other kinds of "exile." Each memory evokes the others; they are all, in fact, *the* memory.

What Baudelaire has accomplished is a survey of human sorrow and alienation throughout history. The plight of all those with sensibility is universal. Part of that universality derives from the complex multiplication of cities. Taking his point of departure from Virgil's already rich example, he carries it even further, perhaps consciously influenced by the mediaeval partiality to Troy and the widespread harking back to a Trojan founder. It may echo in the reader's mind that Ronsard in his *Franciade* had resurrected Astyanax under the name of Francion and made him the refounder of Troy whose task was to "bastir les grans murs de Paris." In Virgil there is the original Troy, the little Troy of Andromache and Helenus, the future Troy of Rome, and the Troy of the mind. In Baudelaire the contemporary Paris that he evokes becomes a little Troy too; but in the past there had been a slightly more

nearly original Troy in "le vieux Paris," which contained a kind of mock city within it, the "camp de baraques." Most important is the Troy of the mind, the never-never city that haunts the memory and that represents a kind of unsuccessful exile from the present, either into the paradisiacal past or into the impossible future. Memory, then, is both liberation from the present and at the same time, ironically, bondage to the past—just as the country of the mind is escape from the city of the mind, and also a kind of mirage which imprisons the mind in illusion. The human condition is one of inescapable exile. A sensitive spirit can never be "dans le vrai." One of the great ironies of the poem is that people can be exiles, as the poet is (he perhaps most pitiable of all), in their own native place. It is not so much an urban alienation from nature as it is the self-reflexive curse of mankind. Nature, even a mental landscape, is not a refuge or native element—nor is history, in the sense of return to a golden age.

"Le Cygne" is a remarkable fusing of literary allusion and originality. Baudelaire borrows directly from Virgil, yet in borrowing he implies his own interpretation of the text (the correct one, I think) by his very elaboration of it. He not only achieves a marvelous fusion of incident and theme and a deep general sympathy with a congenial poetic sensibility in the remote past, but also in his language manages to find the discreet and delicately adjusted medium for that fusion. Suffice it to mention again the rich Latinisms "superbe" and "sublime." Perhaps it is not too much to suggest also that Baudelaire's characteristic use of vague and capacious adjectives like "grand," "triste," "beau," and "immense" is a reflection of Latin style. These words seem to have "empty spaces in them, in which, when the right word comes near them, they can suddenly generate a new and often unexpected meaning."[8] Certainly, they allow the particular to expand resonantly into the general; they act as a means of mediation between the two and so reflect one of the main thematic urges of the poem. Perhaps that is its main success; starting from the particulars of a classical allusion and the consequence of "urban renewal" in the Paris of Napoleon III, the poem succeeds through its own concrete reference in elaborating a vision of "l'humaine condition."

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[8] W. F. Jackson Knight, *Roman Vergil* (London, 1944), p. 192.

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The Lure of the Demonic: James and Dürrenmatt

IT MAY NOT be possible to resolve in our time the "ambiguity" that makes James's *The Turn of the Screw* present quite different meanings to different readers. For this ambiguity may turn out to be a product, not of absolute textual conditions, but of the conflicting, and indeed competing, senses of reality that characterize a period of philosophical transition. One can imagine a composition of these, an alteration in the philosophic (moral, epistemological) landscape, that may lead to a surer, more generally agreed upon, reading of the text. But it is also imaginable that philosophic differences will persist, and with them the critical dissension that will make possible new collections of essays that disagree with each other.[1]

On the face of it the story is concerned with the governess' battle against an objective evil that is infecting the character of the children, Miles and Flora. Some readers' acceptance of the literal text is hampered by several assumptions of romantic origin and hue: the essential innocence of children; the corruptness of authority, whether political or educational; the untrustworthiness of traditionalist attitudes toward wrongdoing—the last reinforced by a more recent tendency to suppose that concern with "saving" others is a gross imposition unless it is material salvation that is offered. Interlaced with these is the habit of separating the evil and the innocent into different classes (a secularized Calvinism), and of identifying evil with concrete persons, bodies, and institutions that can be blamed, punished, or eliminated. It is almost impossible for a reader of such a philosophical disposition to accept the symbolization of evil by the ghosts, who cannot be blamed, punished, or eliminated; in this symbolization evil is presented as ubiquitous,

[1] Such as Gerald Willen's *A Casebook on Henry James's "The Turn of The Screw"* (New York, 1960).

mysterious, and, though of limited scope, eternal. Evil as an active force in the personalities of intelligent, charming, and wellbred children (not just dead-end kids, who have become a cliché symbol) is equally intolerable, for this implies a universal vulnerability that denies the quarantine, segregationist, or preventive-vaccine view of evil that is fairly popular today. However, evil continues to be "manageable" if it can be conceived as a projection of a private illness (or as an emanation from a special class) for which there are "known" remedies.

Finally, the evocation of the ghosts is done with such technical skill that it is extraordinarily difficult not to sense them as actual and to experience the old dread of such apparitions. But this is a rational age; ghosts do not exist, and we shrink from finding within ourselves a strong residual capacity for so frank a response. Hence the double usefulness of the "discovery of the unconscious" (that is, the coming to consciousness of the unconscious knowledge of the unconscious that had been possessed for many ages). On the other hand, it would provide the final bit of technical assistance needed to isolate the evil in *The Turn of the Screw* in a special ward which our sensibility would find the most comfortable place for it. And on the other, it would free us from recognizing an unpalatable responsiveness to phenomena that belong to less rational ages.

But, apart from severe problems of accommodation to the text, the "depth" approach suffers from some difficulties in the application of the principle. As elsewhere, it appears to do incomplete justice to the total Freudian view by making the unconscious in author or character the whole thing, the invariable, unconditioned truth in all cases. The use of Freudian observations of illness as if they were automatic, universally applicable measures of all truth is, of course, understandable in an age given to mechanical solutions of all kinds of problems: the temper of the times influences literary analysis too. But the rote application of formulae to *The Turn of the Screw* involves, as critics have pointed out, an ignoring of such objective facts as Miles's wrongdoing at school and the governess' obvious good health after the events of the story. Again, the new knowledge that sexuality influences many nonsexual activities is applied eagerly to the governess but not at all to Miles and Flora. Though James wisely leaves undefined what the children are doing under the tutelage of the ghosts, it would be plausible to suppose that sex is involved and to conclude that, despite his shift of emphasis from the clinical to the moral, James had "anticipated" the Freudian discoveries of preadolescent sexuality.

In making these comments I am not arguing against the readings which assume that the governess is having a fantasy or is in other ways

doing something different from what she supposes, but suggesting the philosophic habits (attitudes or positions implied or formally held) which encourage such readings. The points of view in themselves may provide valuable formulations of experience, but they may or may not lead to sound literary interpretations; in the case of *The Turn of the Screw* they lend assistance to a reading which I believe conforms to too small a number of the data provided by the fiction and relies on too many assumptions for which there is little or no evidence. However, the points of view and their critical consequences are here, and this creates a familiar problem. One kind of critic may be content to dismiss the problem as simply one more insoluble question of relativities; another may be content to await a new historical orientation of ideas that will provide ground for surer interpretation; another may be willing to drop the matter or simply to insist. A more useful procedure, I suggest, is the presentation of new evidence. New direct evidence—testimony as to author's purpose, and so on—is not likely to show up, and the text itself has been pretty well combed. But there is a kind of literary evidence that is worth exploring—the evidence of literary works that are concerned with similar themes and that present a comparable sense of human reality. A kindred literary work may cast a light that will throw into relief certain things that James is doing and strengthen their influence upon the reader's sense of the whole. Hence I want to present some evidence that I think tends to confirm that *The Turn of the Screw* is doing what it purports to be doing, and makes it a little harder to maintain that unconscious intentions in author and heroine are the real determinants of what the book is.

The book that I believe to be useful for the interpretation of *The Turn of the Screw* is *The Pledge* by Friedrich Dürrenmatt, the Swiss expressionist[2] best known in America as the author of *The Visit*, successfully presented in 1958 by the Lunts. *The Pledge*, a novelette a little shorter than *The Turn of the Screw*, has to do with children who are victims of a mysterious evil figure; and in elaborating this theme it has some close resemblances to *The Turn of the Screw*. In tracing these resemblances I am not concerned with sources or parallels interesting for their own sake, but with Dürrenmatt's sense of human reality and its corroboration of a central James insight.

Dürrenmatt's imagination is narrower than James's; he is at once more given to making points (the allegorist) and to pulling off surprises (the showman) so that his art is slicker, shallower, more transparent. But, though he cannot resist "overplanning" his general effect

[2] For the line of connection between Dürrenmatt and the German expressionists, see Walter H. Sokel, *The Writer in Extremis* (Stanford, 1960), p. 231.

and cutting things up with gimmicks here and there, his work has comparative value on two counts. A lesser work can always provide perspective on a greater one, as the long tradition of source and analogue study shows; and, at his untricky best, Dürrenmatt sees sharply beneath the surface of human nature.

The Turn of the Screw has several interlocking themes, as may be expected in a fiction that has to do both with beings in need of salvation and with an agent trying to effect that salvation. But if we look at the work for the moment in terms of only one of its themes, we see that it belongs to a family of works in which there comes into play an extraordinary influencing of children by adults, works in which some kind of seduction goes on. If we put this in very general terms, it is possible to see how Lewis Carroll's Alice books and Nabokov's *Lolita*, as well as *The Turn of the Screw* and *The Pledge*, come into the picture. The Alice books, it is true, have only slight illustrative value, for the situation that piques us there is a real-life relationship of author and children. In this case the adult acted through the agency of art, and cannot legitimately be compared with figures that exist only in art. Yet there is one parallel: both in real life and in art, an adult makes certain gestures toward children, and we can observe their responses. Whatever kind of private gesture may have lain within Carroll's public gesture of story telling, or within certain of his narrative details whose secondary meanings have been widely explored, there is no evidence that the total act was received in any other way than that demanded by the public story telling. It pleased. There was simple responsiveness to the open intention; for us, this situation is not unlike that in a work of art in which we can see the irony of a child's accepting pleasure in which we recognize, whether it becomes actual or not, a latent harm or even destructiveness. It is a matter of speculation whether the Alice stories might in themselves afford an "innocent" reader an entirely unrecognized "forbidden" pleasure—securing an effect comparable to that made upon a television viewer by a word flashed on a screen too rapidly to be formally identified and yet becoming a "presence" in the mind of the viewer.

In *Lolita, The Turn of the Screw*, and *The Pledge* there are adults practicing the seduction of children—in the first, sexually; in the second, in ways not defined; in the third, by securing a confidence that evidently obscures or transcends what we take to be the loathsomeness of the adult; and in both the second and third creating a kind of fidelity to the destroyer that seems to cut off an incipient sense of wrongness in the situation. What all these authors have observed is an element of consent in the victim—not so much ignorance, though this cannot

entirely be excluded, as a subtle knowingness or readiness for the proffered moves, a minute failure of an initial capacity to reject that might have saved the children in both the James and Dürrenmatt stories. Lolita does come to reject the corrupt and corrupting elder, and, in saying that, one points to the ultimate divergence of the stories. All that I am concerned with here is the significance for the James story of the fact that three authors of different nationalities, in looking at children, have discerned a capacity for "wrong" action that many readers apparently want, or even need, to reject as not credible. The lure of the demonic is not the most palatable dish on the sideboard of human potentialities.

What the James and Dürrenmatt tales have in common is not only the child victim but the dedicated savior, and in each case the story of the latter is done with more than a little complexity. The story of the governess is so well known that it need not be rehearsed here. In *The Pledge* a fifty-year-old police inspector of the Zürich canton, Matthäi, makes a full-time quest of tracking down a psychopathic murderer of young girls; though known as "Matt the Automat," he has been greatly moved by the last killing; the title alludes to his pledge to the girl's parents that he will find the criminal. Dürrenmatt's major concern is with the psychic and moral development of Matthäi. At one level Dürrenmatt is making game of detective fiction because it shows life as yielding to ratiocination (his German subtitle is *Requiem auf den Kriminalroman*). Matthäi makes a brilliant theoretic solution of the case, but eventually breaks down because he expects all subsequent events to conform to his rational plan for them. He has identified the killer in human type and in type of movement and conduct, and has prepared a trap into which the individual killer must fall. However, the killer is killed in an automobile accident, and Matthäi goes to pieces, eternally waiting for his victim to drive into his trap. So much for Dürrenmatt's foreground story, which is almost allegorical and somewhat artificial; the writer, in debunking the forced pattern of detective fiction, has forced a pattern of conduct upon his character. He illustrates only too well his perfectly sound dictum, "Reality can only partially be attacked by logic."[3]

Dürrenmatt is a far more effective artist in dealing with other aspects of Matthäi's obsessive scheme to make the psychopath reveal himself and thus to save other young girls who are the victims he needs. Matthäi starts running a gas station on a road which he is sure that the criminal must use; then, in a climax of detective machination, he brings in to

[3] References are to the easily available Signet edition (1960) of the Richard and Clara Winston translation (Knopf, 1959) of the original Swiss edition (1958).

live with him a streetwalker who has a young daughter. He dresses the girl like the previous victim, and with her as "bait" waits for the "big fish" to come by and be caught. This is a fascinating narrative version of the problem of ends and means. Further, the question of means is a way of revealing the complications of personality in a dedicated person with a mission—the possibility of corruption in the pursuit of a meritorious goal. The relation to James is that both writers sense the subtle interplay of devotion and egotism in the rescuer of others; many things go under in the determination to master the problem. Intensity of obligation may weaken judgment and create rigidity. Here the alluring demonic is the triumph of the self. In refusing to call upon the godlike uncle the governess falls into a go-it-alone *hubris* which, we cannot doubt, reduces the effectiveness that added help might have given her battle. Thinking she has defeated the ghost Quint in his efforts to get at Miles, the governess glories in "my personal triumph"; but she adds, "... I was infatuated—I was blind with victory ..." (pp. 130, 132).[4] Both authors exhibit the signs of strain in the character with a mission. The governess faces the fact that she may be mad (p. 72), and Matthäi knows that he is regarded as insane; near the climax he "sensed" that his "insane expectations" would be fulfilled (p. 95). Indeed, he eventually loses his grip; and the governess develops a tense, almost hysterical manner that has helped mislead some readers. In *The Turn of the Screw* there is a greater problem because James has chosen to use the governess' point of view. Dürrenmatt employs another narrator to give us a firm perspective on Matthäi, whereas James's dependence on a solitary, taut, strained observer increases the difficulty of placing the character in the total fictional landscape. But the point here is that similarities in the authors' management of the savior characters strengthen our sense that a self-consciously heroic quality, a certain excessiveness, a vehement, at times frantic style, self-will, and tension in the governess are signs not of disorder but of a normal, imperfect human being's response to the pressure of enormous difficulties. What ultimately destroys Matthäi—and this is the difference between him and the governess—is a Houyhnhnm-like rigidity of mind that wants not only to discover the truth but to dictate the circumstance of its emergence.

Dürrenmatt and James are even alike in their imagination of the evil enemy. Matthäi's adversary, of course, is a psychopath, but he is given motives and a "character"; he hates women and he seeks revenge against them. "Perhaps his wife was rich and he poor. Perhaps she held a higher social position than he" (p. 74). In fact he was a "chauffeur and gardener" (p. 118) whose marriage to his much older and well-to-

[4] References are to the Modern Library edition.

do employer was not quite a Mellors-and-Connie affair. Quint was a valet, a "base menial" (p. 54), who had seduced the previous governess, Miss Jessel, "a lady" (p. 48); both were "infamous" (p. 48); they want to "get hold of" the children (p. 47) and make them share their own infernal "torments" (p. 72). (Not until the 1950s would it have been interesting that on one occasion Quint and Miss Jessel are referred to as "the others, the outsiders"—p. 80.) The psychopath won the confidence of little girls with chocolate candy; Quint used to "spoil" Miles (p. 39). These are their demonic lures—the pleasing façade of the revengefulness which both writers detect as central in the evil beings and which both see as creating a need to destroy: in one case physical life, in the other, spiritual life. In *The Turn of the Screw*, indeed, the appearance of the ghosts is regularly described with images of death. Though there is a multitude of differences between the psychopath and the ghosts, the central similarities are marked enough to have critical value; they make it more difficult to suppose that James's ghosts are simply creations of the governess' mind, and strengthen the view that they are objective embodiments of moral forces referable to basic human qualities and behavior.

But Dürrenmatt's most marked corroboration of the view that James's apparent story of evil spirits is the true story comes in the treatment of Annemarie, the "bait" through whom Matthäi seeks to entrap the killer. Here the central point is that movement of personality which I have called "consent," though the term has to be used suggestively rather than absolutely; the child is, in a general sense, "seduced"; but the flat tale of the victim, the melodrama of pity, is greatly complicated by the presence of a vulnerability that, going beyond mere pathetic defenselessness, subtly implies a half-willing participation in the suspect terms of the destructive relationship. Not that the girl is a precocious instance of the "murderee" that Lawrence theorizes about. But the young mind, though the questionable, the forbidden, are not concealed from it, is drawn in, or drawn *by* these, and works up an ironic faithfulness to the agent who is outside the pale. In Dürrenmatt the case is simpler than in James, but there is still evidence of a child's subtle sensing of illegitimacy in the enterprise and yet having a virtually unbreakable commitment to it. What is very effective in both tales is the picture of an almost adult acceptance of adult beings to whom the more usual childish response, we suppose, would be fear.

Yet, in two of the four children presented by the stories, there is a faint falling short of total acceptance that adds a strange vibrancy to the character; in presenting this, both authors manage a contrast and yet urge it so little that one may scarcely feel it the first time around.

Both Flora and Annemarie are, as far as the overt evidence goes, most unreservedly attracted to their secret associates; in them we detect no sense of duplicity in the situation, no counter-impulse to hesitate, doubt, or withdraw. But in Miles the governess detects signs of a despair that indicates unusual awareness of the nature of his engagement; and she feels in him some willingness to come toward her as a helper, some incompleteness in the fidelity to Quint, some faint symptom of resistance to the lure of the demonic. In *The Pledge* the killer has extraordinary success in getting the cooperation of his victims, in securing their maintenance of a secrecy without which the preparatory rendezvous could not continue. But Gritli Moser, the victim whose death is the starting point of the novelette, had, even while continuing to meet the killer, evaded his injunction of secrecy by telling a close friend a "fairy tale" about meeting a "giant" and by drawing a symbolic picture that revealed some important aspects of the killer's identity. As with Miles, the impulse to independent action, the minimal blind man's feeling toward safety, falls far short of establishing protection against the danger behind the proffered and desired sweets. But what is important for us is that two writers, in dealing with such a situation, distinguish between the child who succumbs wholly to the lure of the demonic and the one whose yielding to temptation is ever so subtly qualified by the faint stirrings of an imperfect desire to make possible a rescue. In making the distinction James further strengthens our sense that he is observing human responses in actual beings in an objective situation.

There are some interesting similarities in peripheral circumstance. In *The Turn of the Screw* the climactic scene for Flora takes place in the out-of-doors—"at a distance" (p. 102) from the house. The climactic scene with Annemarie takes place at a clearing in woods along the road from the village to Matthäi's country place. Flora is found along the shores of a pond more than a half-mile from the house (p. 104); Annemarie is found sitting "on the bank of the small, silvery stream" that runs through the clearing (p. 94). But most interesting of all is the general resemblance in symbolic decor: both authors have chosen a scene where fertility images are dominant and have introduced into it images of death or decay—the demonic intrusion into the garden. In *The Pledge,* the clearing in the woods is also the town's refuse dump, and in *The Turn of the Screw,* more subtly, Flora plucks and holds on to an "ugly spray of withered fern" (p. 106).

Each scene is the moment of triumph for the "savior" character, but the triumph is ironically undercut by the course of events. The governess is sure that Flora has been consorting with the ghost of Miss

Jessel; Flora is found exactly where the governess conjectures, and then, to complete the victory, Miss Jessel materializes across the pond. But Mrs. Grose cannot see the apparition, comforts the child, and doubts the governess almost to the point of turning entirely against her. In *The Pledge* Matthäi has a number of police with him to surround the clearing where Annemarie goes to meet "the wizard," as she calls the killer; Matthäi is utterly certain that the killer, whom he has long awaited, will now arrive and be captured; but he never shows up, and eventually the officers all turn against Matthäi, treating him as if he were the victim of a hallucination. In each story there is a "seer" who has caught sight of an evil being but who, when this being does not become the palpable presence required by ordinary eyes, is rejected by those who go only on immediate sensory evidence.

Although Annemarie is the parallel to Flora, her conduct, as imagined by Dürrenmatt, has some singular resemblances to that of both children at Bly. Once Annemarie has met "the wizard," she begins to disappear without warning; she is believed to be in school when it turns out that the school is not in session; and, when she has supposedly gone to school, it transpires that she is not there. This parallels exactly the way in which the children escape from the governess' vigilance at Bly, though James complicates the picture by having one child absorb the governess' attention to cover the disappearance of the other. Skill increases as scruples decrease. The governess has a sense of the children's retreating into another world, though no word is ever spoken of it. Likewise Annemarie appears, in her trysts with the wizard, to have entered into another consciousness that she will keep closed to the others; when Matthäi finds that she has in her possession some unexplained chocolate candy (the bait regularly used by the wizard) and questions her about it, she either refuses to talk or lies. (When Matthäi finds the chocolate about which she lies, he is "overcome by a tremendous feeling of joy," p. 97; cf. the governess on Miles: "his lies made up my truth," p. 127.) Even in the relatively few pages that he has for this part of the story, Dürrenmatt skillfully suggests Annemarie's separation from the ordinary life of others, a separation which the governess has felt in her charges for months; as she puts it, "They haven't been good—they've only been absent" (p. 73). Annemarie waits for the wizard, "full of . . . keyed-up expectation" (p. 99), just as Miles was "under some influence operating . . . as a tremendous incitement" (p. 58). Annemarie waits for the wizard with incredible patience, day after day, just as the children at Bly have always been patient with the governess, diverting her with a possibly "studied" charm (p. 56) as they arrange their secret rendezvous. In entertaining her they sing and play a good deal, for they

have a lively "musical sense" (p. 58); in holding her attention on the day of Flora's final escape, Miles played the piano "as he had never played before" (p. 101). From the time that she first sees the wizard, Annemarie begins singing "Maria sat upon a stone" (p. 95) regularly, and it is a steady accompaniment of her actions to the end of the episode. Open song is the sign of the secret pleasure.

The song might be coincidence, as might the fact that in both books the climactic scenes take place in autumn. What is unmistakably meaningful is the way both girls disappear to the rendezvous scene and conduct themselves there. For a whole week Matthäi and the helping police watch the clearing where Annemarie sits and sings, waiting for the wizard. She would sit "motionless in the same spot . . . with incomprehensible patience" (p. 100), singing, "persistent, bemused, incomprehensible" (p. 101). In a few pages Dürrenmatt records the same withdrawnness, the same patience, the same taking on of certain adult qualities that Flora manifests over a longer period. Annemarie's extraordinary fixation and endurance are psychologically of a piece with the almost superhuman feat of Flora in using a large, flat-bottomed boat to get to her wooded assignation place. The girls remain imperturbable, in contrast with their elders, who crack under the strain of dealing with adversaries mysteriously not present, and break out into antagonism against the one to be protected. When Flora, caught up with, simply smiles and remains silent, the governess is goaded into challenging her: "Where, my pet, is Miss Jessel?" (p. 107). Matthäi and his fellow-watchers finally leap out of hiding and demand of Annemarie, "Whom are you waiting for, answer me, do you hear, you damned brat!" (p. 103). Annemarie is frightened, as Flora obviously is not; indeed, a reader inclined to think that Flora acts in the manner of an innocent terrified by a madwoman, could make an instructive comparison between the relative calculatedness of Flora's responses and the more spontaneous responses of Annemarie. In Flora it is the "quick, smitten glare" (p. 108), "an expression of hard, still gravity," "a countenance of deeper and deeper, of indeed suddenly quite fixed reprobation" (p. 109), and a little later of course, a flood of verbal "horrors" and "appalling language" that convince even the unseeing Mrs. Grose (pp. 116-117). In Annemarie it is at first simply "eyes welling with tears" (p. 103). But it is this very difference that adds great significance to Annemarie's tendency to move toward the Flora kind of response—first to be silent and then to attack those who threaten the secret idyl. In the style of a "vulgarly pert little girl in the street" Flora denies that she has seen or sees anything and concludes, "I think you're cruel. I don't like you" (pp. 110-111). When the nature and intent of the wizard

are explained to her, Annemarie comes back with "You're lying... You're lying"; and, even when in their frustration the men outrageously beat her, she fights back, "shrieking," in a voice "uncanny" and "inhuman," "You're lying, lying, lying" (pp. 103-104).

What Dürrenmatt has caught here is the kind of faith that, despite a sneaky, irregular style that might be expected to arouse fear and repulsion, an agent of evil can evoke—an allegiance that makes those who oppose it seem, to the victim himself, inimical, false, and cruel, and that renders the victim capable of remarkable feats in the pursuit and preservation of the new ends to which he has been converted. It is in the perception of these responses in a child that Dürrenmatt has corroborated James' vision, and has strengthened the interpretation that what happens to Miles and Flora, and what they do, are to be taken as objective facts brilliantly perceived and reliably reported by the governess.

What is more, we find that, in the ideational matrix of his story, Dürrenmatt has made what is in effect an attack on some of the habits of mind to which I have attributed the disinclination of some readers to accept the James story at face value. His moral, as we have seen, is "Reality can only partially be attacked by logic." If by "logic" we mean the tenets that rationalism admits at any given time, it is clear that the denial of the ghostly corruption of the children is, as Philip Rahv put it a long time ago, a "fallacy of rationalism," or, in Dürrenmatt's terms, an endeavor to control too much of reality by logic. Since Dürrenmatt is in part spoofing detective fiction, his emphasis shifts away from the kind of moral vulnerability which is at the center of *The Turn of the Screw*. But even with this shift of emphasis Dürrenmatt perhaps turns an additional small light on the James achievement. For, writing seventy years earlier, James by implication also delivered a sort of "Requiem auf den Kriminalroman": like his successor, he distinguished between diagnosing an illness and winning the battle against it—the double triumph that is at the center of popular detective fiction. Both writers record the history of a "pledge." James would hardly have been likely to assent to Dürrenmatt's "Chance, the incalculable, the incommunicable, plays too great a part" (p. 13), for this posits an ultimate disorder of things that minimizes the role of character. But James does imagine an ordered evil that creates a disorder which a given character, for all of a Cassandra's insight, cannot cope with, and against which a well-intentioned woman's pride prevents her calling on all the resources that are available.

What I have called the lure of the demonic is related to the charm of the con man; each finds some responsiveness in the intended victim. To

that extent such tales as *The Turn of the Screw* and *The Pledge* are related to picaresque fiction. But the two forms illuminate each other by their differences: the picaresque hero means only to outwit, the ghosts and the killer to destroy. The picaro is related to a particular kind of criminal—not to the criminal who destroys by simple violence, but to the criminal who works by means of a seduction that leads to annihilation. Eliminate the deep passional need to destroy, and leave only the game of seducing and tricking, and you have the picaro. Both the picaro and the criminal type of which he is an attenuation proceed, of course, by evoking faith. They are, in a sense, fake divinities. What is interesting about fake divinities is their extraordinary grasp of one aspect of human nature.

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Plato's *Statesman* Myth In Shelley and Blake

IN SHELLEY'S *Prometheus Unbound*, as Asia returns from her visit to the cave of Demogorgon she celebrates the coming release of Prometheus and the beginning of a new age of freedom and happiness for mankind by a song ("My soul is an enchanted boat") which concludes with a retrograde journey in time and a reversal of the normal order of the ages of human life:

> We have pass'd Age's icy caves,
> And Manhood's dark and tossing waves,
> And Youth's smooth ocean, smiling to betray:
> Beyond the glassy gulphs we flee
> Of shadow-peopled Infancy,
> Through Death and Birth, to a diviner day.
> (II, v, 98-103)

In Blake's "The Mental Traveller" there is a similar movement which takes place simultaneously with the more usual movement in the forward direction; moreover, each belongs to one of the antagonists whose sexual conflict is the central theme of the poem. As the male Babe travels from infancy to old age, the Woman Old in opposite order returns to her own infancy; then, as she once more advances in age, he moves backwards, growing "younger and younger every day," until both have come back to the states in which they were found at the beginning—a newborn baby and an old woman.[1]

[1] Cf. also Yeats's "Shepherd and Goatherd," a pastoral elegy on the death of Major Gregory, in which the dead man is conceived as making a similar journey back to "his own dayspring." Compressed to two acknowledged stages, the same path seems to be followed by Eliot's Phlebas the Phoenician (*The Waste Land*, IV): "As he rose and fell/He passed the stages of his age and youth/Entering the whirlpool."

It has been pointed out[2] that the retrogression in Asia's song has a source, or at least a precedent, in the account of the Age of Kronos (or Saturn) in Plato's *Statesman* (268e ff.), and that this illuminates Blake's version as well. Behind both poems and Plato's myth there stands one of the most ancient and most pervasive of conceptual archetypes: the view of individual human life, the life of the race, and the history of the world as an orderly succession of fixed temporal periods, or ages, in which the process of biological or cultural development is accompanied by a corresponding ascent or descent in value.[3] Like other poets and philosophers before them, the English romantic poets had their own individual conceptions of the ages of man, adapted to their own purposes and preoccupations, and Asia's song and "The Mental Traveller" are by no means unique for the period in their general relation to the basic archetype.

Wordsworth's three ages, Childhood, Youth, and Maturity, which recur throughout his poetry from "Tintern Abbey" to *The River Duddon* sonnets, were recognized and described early in modern Wordsworth scholarship.[4] Keats' metaphor of the chambers of life[5] is also well known, and his sonnet "The Human Seasons" is a fresh reworking of a parallel metaphor, also ancient and pervasive, which by the end of the eighteenth century had become a staple of didactic verse and emblem literature. Blake's *The Gates of Paradise* is an actual emblem sequence, whose subject is the life of man conceived as a progress through the ages of Infancy, Youth, and Old Age. Shelley in his turn makes consistent use of image patterns of temporal growth and decline—from dawn to darkness, spring to winter, fertility to barrenness, or birth to death—which bring human life into correspondence with the cyclical life of the universe. In *Alastor,* such patterns reinforce the metaphorical character of the journey which the poet-hero makes along the course of the outward-flowing stream ("O stream! . . . Thou imagest my life"). Sea-

[2] E. M. W. Tillyard, "Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* and Plato's *Statesman*," *TLS,* Sept. 29, 1932, p. 691; cf. Lillian Winstanley, "Platonism in Shelley," *Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association,* IV (1913), 80, 98-100. James C. Notopoulos, *The Platonism of Shelley: A Study of Platonism and the Poetic Mind* (Durham, N. C., 1949), p. 253, suggests as other possible sources for the concept of the Age of Saturn Virgil's Fourth Eclogue and Hesiod's *Works and Days,* Book I; however, the age-to-infancy retrogression appears in neither. The relation of "Shepherd and Goatherd" to both Plato and *Prometheus Unbound* is discussed by F. A. C. Wilson, *W. B. Yeats and Tradition* (London, 1958), pp. 200-205.

[3] On this subject see Mircea Eliade, *The Myth of the Eternal Return,* trans. W. R. Trask (New York, 1954).

[4] Arthur Beatty, *William Wordsworth: His Doctrine and Art in Their Historical Relations,* 2nd ed. (Madison, 1927), chap. V.

[5] Letter to John Hamilton Reynolds, May 3, 1818. *The Letters of John Keats, 1814-1821,* ed. H. E. Rollins (Cambridge, Mass., 1958), I, 280-283.

sonal and vegetational patterns occur also in "The Sensitive Plant" and "Ode to the West Wind," similarly expressing a regular, step-by-step progression through a life period which is likely to belong in turn to a broader temporal pattern in the cosmos at large.

Wordsworth's three ages and Keats' human seasons both function as patterns of acceptance within the bounds of mortal life, and of compromise with the ideal conception of transcendence that appear in "Tintern Abbey" and the famous Pleasure Thermometer passage in *Endymion* (I, 777 ff.). For these two poets, an advance in time is accompanied by an inevitable decline in value, a fading of the original vision of childhood, as in the immortality ode, or a falling off from the aspiring "dreams" of youth and summer, when (according to "The Human Seasons") man is "nearest unto heaven." Both Blake and Shelley, on the other hand, conceive of the span of human life as only the arc of a vast cosmic circle—the "Circle of Destiny," in Blake's own term, or "a constant rotation of change," in Shelley's[6]—which continues past death and precedes birth. For them, passage through mortal life is only one act in the total drama of the soul's existence. Once it has been set in motion, the sequence of human ages operates as a whole, each age acquiring its value from the whole onward impulse, rather than imposing separate, determining limits of its own. Therefore the same movement in time that expresses limitation and acceptance for Wordsworth and Keats may become for their two contemporaries the means to transcendence itself; and, if transcendence is one of the characteristic concepts of romanticism, it is the latter pair of poets rather than the former who turn the ages of man into a romantic pattern. It is against the background of this duality of function, along with the other more conventional treatments of "ages" patterns by Shelley and Blake, that the peculiar three-cornered relationship of Asia's song, "The Mental Traveller," and Plato's *Statesman* myth is to be understood.

According to the myth recounted in the *Statesman*, there are two alternating cycles of order and disorder in the universe, the Age of Kronos, or Saturn, during which the motion of the world is directed by God himself, and the Age of Zeus, or Jupiter, in which the world, unguided, reverses its motion and revolves in the opposite direction. During the transition from the inferior second cycle back to the first, the new reversal of the motion of the universe is accompanied by a re-

[6] "Perhaps the animative intellect of all this [i.e., nature as "but a mass of organized animation"] is in a constant rotation of change, perhaps a future state is no other than a different mode of terrestrial existence to which we have fitted ourselves in this mode." Letter to Elizabeth Hitchener, Nov. 24, 1811. *The Complete Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, ed. Roger Ingpen and Walter E. Peck (London and New York, 1926-30), VIII, 201-202.

versal of the normal time order among living things. Both animals and men move backwards from age, to youth, to infancy, to birth, finally wasting away and disappearing. Simultaneously, those already dead are reborn and begin to live again in the opposite order.

Plato's cyclical movements thus take place in both the ages of human life and the ages of the world. The two cosmic ages are reflected in *Prometheus Unbound,* for with the defeat of Jupiter the old order passes away and is replaced by a super-Golden Age in which mankind will be "Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free." In Shelley's drama as well as in the Platonic myth, at the transition from one age to the other there is a transformation on the levels of the individual man, society, and the cosmos alike, and Asia's lyrical prophecy sets the pattern in miniature for the universal redemption that is to come about in the last act.

Of Plato's two regenerative movements, Shelley in Asia's song adopts only the retrograde and combines it with a water journey, like the journey of the poet along the stream in *Alastor,* or like the voyage of Laon and Cythna to the Temple of the Spirit at the conclusion of *The Revolt of Islam.* In the earlier poems, the final journey follows a real or symbolic death and rebirth: the immolation and miraculous reawakening of Laon and Cythna (XII, xii-xviii); or the poet's ocean voyage in the shallop (lines 299 ff.), which ends with a narrow escape from death in the whirlpool and leaves him in the forest where the stream rises. In Asia's song, all is compressed into the journey from the "icy caves" of age to the "glassy gulphs" of Infancy, and at the conclusion entrance is made into the "diviner day" by way of Death and Birth. The two terminal points of mortal life here stand side by side, as gates between a world ending and a new world due to come into being. In the order of naming, Death actually precedes Birth, as winter precedes spring in the triumphant syllogistic question that concludes "Ode to the West Wind."

In "The Mental Traveller," both movements from the *Statesman* appear, taking place simultaneously but in opposition to each other. During the course of the poem, each of the antagonists travels from Age to Infancy and from Infancy to Age, but never in the same direction at the same time as the other. The opposition of the two movements is implicit in the *Statesman* account. If the retreating old and the revived dead (the "earthborn" men, the latter are called) are conceived as going through their appropriate life developments simultaneously, they travel in opposite directions and in effect pass each other, like the Babe and the Woman Old. In Blake, however, the opposition takes the further form of conflict and alternating subjection and domination, by which

the two movements do not merely proceed side by side but become entwined with each other. At two points, the forward and backward movements intersect, making the antagonists for the time being equal in age, and in each instance there is an approach to the condition of a Golden Age according to the classical conception.

The intersections occur in Youth, an age elsewhere associated by Blake with sexual love and his own lower paradise of Beulah, where "Contrarieties are equally True" (*Milton*, II, 30) and "the Masculine & Feminine are nurs'd into Youth & Maiden" (*Jerusalem*, IV, 79). Beulah also has a special relation in Blake's system to time, which in the fallen world is "built" by the Sons of Los as separate units of measurement:

> But others of the Sons of Los build Moments & Minutes & Hours
> And Days & Months & Years & Ages & Periods, wondrous buildings;
> And every Moment has a Couch of gold for soft repose,
> (A Moment equals a pulsation of the artery),
> And between every two Moments stands a Daughter of Beulah
> To feed the Sleepers on their Couches with maternal care.
>
> (*Milton*, I, 28)

In one of the comments in *A Vision of the Last Judgment*, moreover, Blake contrasts his own and the general classical conception of time in a way that hints of broader significance for the antagonists in "The Mental Traveller":

> The Greeks represent Chronos or Time as a very Aged Man; this is Fable, but the Real Vision of Time is in Eternal Youth . . . Time & Space are Real Beings, a Male & a Female. Time is a Man, Space is a Woman, & her Masculine Portion is Death.[7]

The two intervals of equality between the antagonists fall between extremes of inequality. In his beginning state of Infancy, the male is prey to the Woman Old, who "nails him down upon a rock, / Catches his shrieks in cups of gold."

> Her fingers number every Nerve,
> Just as a Miser counts his gold;
> She lives upon his shrieks & cries,
> And she grows young as he grows old.
>
> (Lines 17-20)

When both have reached the age of Youth, male and female exchange roles: he "binds her down for his delight" and "plants himself in all her Nerves," and she becomes "his dwelling place / And Garden fruit-

[7] *The Complete Writings of William Blake*, ed Geoffrey Keynes (London and New York, 1957), p. 614. All citations are based on this edition.

ful seventy fold" (lines 27-28).[8] The "Garden and its lovely charms" fade when the man is aged and the woman in her turn has entered Infancy. The desert that replaces the garden is the scene of the second round of Youth, during which there is a temporary stalemate between the antagonists, the female fleeing, the male pursuing, but neither winning out.

With the next change of age, the stalemate ends, and pursuer and pursued are again in a state of inequality, as a "wayward Babe" and a "weeping Woman old." But in their wake "many a Lover wanders here," and there springs up at least a semblance of the paradisiacal state that prevailed in the Age of Saturn:

> The trees bring forth sweet Extacy
> To all who in the desart roam;
> Till many a City there is Built,
> And many a pleasant Shepherd's home.
> (Lines 89-92)

The Shepherd, especially, is a symbol of the Golden Age According to Plato's myth, certain appointed demigods acted as the "shepherds" of the various species and herds of animals during the period of peace, innocence, and happiness that was the original Age of Saturn. The "Lion, Wolf & Boar" that roam Blake's desert (line 84) have precedents in the less tractable of these animals, which when the world fell into disorder in the Age of Jupiter broke away from control and became wild. In their tame aspects, in turn, they may be reflected in the kindly, talking beasts of two other poems by Blake, "The Little Girl Lost" and "The Little Girl Found." (In the *Statesman,* it is conjectured that the children of Saturn may have learned wisdom by conversing with the animals.)

The analogues of the Golden Age in *Promethus Unbound* and "The Mental Traveller" thus are both founded on love. Otherwise, the two states bear no resemblance to each other. The "diviner day" beyond Death and Birth is a destination which, in Asia's song, can actually be reached. The paradise of Blake's lovers is for them hardly more than a mirage in the desert, which comes into existence when the sexes are in apparent balance but which is destroyed when their inequality in age and power is restored. Prometheus and Asia in union, as closely harmonious as pilot and boat, travel toward an even more perfect union in their paradise; Blake's man and woman in division draw apart in

[8] Cf. *Jerusalem,* IV, 85:
> "... for in Beulah the Feminine
> Emanations Create Space, the Masculine Create Time & plant
> The Seeds of beauty in the Space."

theirs, or fail to enter it at all, and come together again only as captive and captor.

In their treatments of the larger pattern of cosmic ages, Blake and Shelley also differ notably. Among the many systems of universal temporal recurrence that have appeared in various cultures, there are two general conceptions of the recovery of the Golden Age: that this occurs an infinite number of times in cyclical repetition, as in the *Statesman* myth, and that it occurs only once.[9] Shelley's pattern in *Prometheus Unbound* is closest to the latter, the concept of limited cyclical time; Blake's pattern in "The Mental Traveller" conforms in its own way to the concept of unlimited cyclical time. In the *Statesman*, the Age of Saturn and the Age of Jupiter continue in alternation, as periods of general order and disorder.

There is also repetition, of a kind, in *Prometheus Unbound*, but the emphasis is on the upward change that repetition brings. In her "Who reigns?" discourse in Demogorgon's cave (II, iv, 32 ff.), Asia indicates that there already has been one Age of Saturn, and that it passed away because Saturn himself refused the "birthright" of the "earth's primal spirits beneath his sway": knowledge, power, skill, thought, self-empire, and the "majesty of love." Prometheus then made Jupiter ruler, and in the period of disorder that followed bestowed the gifts of civilization on mankind. (In the *Statesman*, similar gifts are given to man—by Prometheus, Hephaestus, Athene, and others—when the direct care of the gods is withdrawn and the human race must learn to govern itself.) The new Golden Age, therefore, is not merely a revival of the earlier one, but a corrected recreation of it on a higher level, as in a spiral rather than a simple circular movement. Moreover, the lyrical celebrations of liberation and victory in the last act, at the beginning of which Time is borne to his "tomb" in eternity (IV, i, 14), suggest that the paradisiacal state attained this time may be permanent. If this is so, the retrograde journey sung by Asia acquires additional significance—the ordinary temporal order is turned upside down to serve as a means of passage out of time altogether, leading the way to its own dissolution.[10]

In Shelley's drama, we see neither of the two cosmic ages in totality, only the end of the Age of Jupiter and the transition to, or into, the Age of Saturn. In "The Mental Traveller," on the other hand, two full cycles appear. During each the Babe and the Woman separately

[9] Eliade, p. 112.

[10] With Shelley's juxtaposition of Death and Birth at the threshold of eternity, cf. the total "identity" in Blake's ideal state of Eden, in which the three ages between Birth and Death, Childhood, Manhood, and Old Age, exist simultaneously (e.g., *Jerusalem*, IV, 98). On the general concept, see Georges Poulet, "Timelessness and Romanticism," *JHI*, XV (1954), 3-22.

traverse a lifetime, and with each come radical changes of condition like those between the Ages of Saturn and Jupiter. As in the *Statesman* there is a reversal of universal motion to mark the shift from one cycle to the other, so here there is a reversal in the relation of earth to the heavens. When the paradisiacal garden fades the first time, the sun, moon, and stars shrink away (lines 62-65); when the desert begins to blossom again in the second cycle, the sun and stars are "nearer roll'd" (line 88). These movements may be related in part to Blake's theory of vortices.[11] At the same time, they recall his conception of space as subjective, a universe comprising "every Space that a Man views around his dwelling-place":

> The Starry heavens reach no further, but here bend and set
> On all sides, & the two Poles turn on their valves of gold;
> And if he move his dwelling-place, his heavens also move
> Where'er he goes, & all his neighborhood bewail his loss.
> Such are the Spaces called Earth & such its dimension.
> As to that false appearance, which appears to the reasoner
> As of a Globe rolling thro' Voidness, it is a delusion of Ulro.
> (*Milton*, 1, 29)

A "delusion of Ulro," the product of the limitation and deception of the senses in fallen man, appears to be involved in the fading of the garden:

[11] Cf. *Milton*, I, 15:

> "The nature of infinity is this: That everything has its
> Own Vortex, and when once a traveller thro' Eternity
> Has pass'd that Vortex, he percieves [*sic*] it roll backward behind
> His path, into a globe itself infolding like a sun . . .
> Thus is the earth one infinite plane, and not as apparent
> To the weak traveller confin'd beneath the moony shade.
> Thus is the heaven a vortex pass'd already, and the earth
> A vortex not yet pass'd by the traveller thro' Eternity."

John H. Sutherland, "Blake's 'Mental Traveller,'" *ELH*, XXII (1955), 136-147, sees the male Babe as making just such a journey, moving from earth to eternity (or Eden), which this critic appears to identify with the antagonists' joint approach to Beulah. As the discussion above indicates, however, I believe Blake's own distinction between Eden and Beulah is crucial here. In the poem as a whole, there are actually two "mental travellers": fallen man, comprising both male and female principles, who moves back and forth between Infancy and Age; and the narrator, who calls attention to himself in the first and last lines and who himself "travel'd thro' a Land of Men, / A Land of Men & Women too, / And heard & saw such dreadful things / As cold Earth wanderers never knew." It is the narrator, I suggest, who would correspond to the "traveller thro' Eternity" referred to in the passage from *Milton*. Since he is able to make the full journey, from heaven to earth, he is able also to see the plight of the trapped antagonists, the "cold Earth wanderers," as they lack the perspective to see it themselves. Sutherland, like other critics of the poem, curiously ignores its distinctive structural and thematic pattern, the locked, lurching, double circle or spiral, although Blake's very narrative method, with its repetitions and variations, brings this into particular prominence.

> The Guests are scatter'd thro' the land,
> For the Eye altering alters all;
> The Senses roll themselves in fear,
> And the flat Earth becomes a Ball.
> (Lines 61-64)

Contraction and expansion are the two fundamental, universal motions for Blake, which especially manifest themselves in the processes of sense perception and the changes that come about in these at the pivotal events of fall and redemption.[12]

In "The Mental Traveller," more definitely than in *Prometheus Unbound,* the governing movement suggests not a simple, circular repetition but a spiral, and the direction in which it leads is not upward to transcendence, but downward. At the beginning, the Babe is "born in joy," and in his crucifixion on the rock by the Woman Old he seems to be about to play the role of a persecuted savior, like Christ or like Prometheus himself. But at the conclusion of the second cycle, when he appears in a second infancy, he is a figure of terror, frightening even the wild beasts, and his binding is actually a service to humanity. From victim he has declined to potential destroyer, the embodiment of pure, irrational, negative energy—now less like Shelley's Prometheus than like Orc of Blake's own grand myth[13] or, on the other hand, like the "fatal child, the terror of the earth," the expected son of Shelley's Jupiter, who was to have been the power that would destroy Demogorgon:

> For who dare touch the frowning form,
> His arm is wither'd to its root;
> Lions, Boars, Wolves, all howling flee,
> And every Tree does shed its fruit.
> (Lines 97-100)[14]

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[12] Cf. also *Jerusalem,* IV, 77 ("I stood among my valleys of the south"), lines 7-11. On the contraction and rigidity of the senses in the fallen state, see, e.g., the lament from the grave plot at the conclusion of *The Book of Thel* ("Why cannot the Ear be closed to its own destruction?") and the account of Urizen's fall into bodily form and material existence, his Seven Ages of Woe, in *The First Book of Urizen,* chap. IV [b]. For the opposite movement at redemption and liberation, see *The Four Zoas,* Night the Ninth, lines 830 ff. ("The Expanding Eyes of Man behold the depths of wondrous worlds!"), and *Jerusalem,* IV, 98, in which the Zoas in their restored state expand and contract the senses at will: "... such was the variation of Time & Space / Which vary according as the Organs of Perception vary."

[13] "The Mental Traveller" is interpreted in terms of the Orc cycle by Northrop Frye, *Fearful Symmetry: A Study of William Blake* (Princeton, 1947), pp. 227-229.

[14] In lines 95-96, "They cry, 'The Babe! the Babe is Born!' / And flee away on every side," there may be an ironic allusion to Virgil's Fourth Eclogue and the prophecy of the birth of the savior-child "in whom the iron race shall begin to cease, and the golden to arise over all the world." Cf. Blake's anticlassical stric-

Yet the "wayward Babe" *is* again nailed "down upon the Rock," and only by the Woman Old: the antagonists return to the states in which they began, "And all is done as I have told."[15] The two-cycle, downward spiral returns to its starting point, to continue in its own movement of trapped, unending repetition.

Blake's pattern of combined cosmic and human ages differs from that in the *Statesman* myth most conspicuously in one particular; neither of his two complete cycles corresponds wholly to either the Age of Saturn or the Age of Jupiter, but in each the two ages are mixed, as the progressive and retrogressive movements and domination and subjection between the sexes are mixed. In each cycle there is an ascent to and a decline from the stage of Youth, and the desert and the garden are not distinct and opposing states but two "contrary" aspects of a single, ambiguous paradise of sexual love. The same garden-desert appears in such other poems as "A Little Girl Lost" (the setting there is explicitly named "the Age of Gold"), "The Little Girl Found," and "The Crystal Cabinet." Moreover, the peculiar locked character of the cyclical spiral in "The Mental Traveller" is due to a condition that in the *Statesman* characterizes the Golden Age itself. In the Age of Saturn and in the transitional period leading back to the Age of Saturn, birth as well as death is absent. It is only in the later cycle of disorder that life is generated by procreation rather than by direct creation or by regeneration from age or death. And in the poem, similarly, although the Babe is "born" twice, there is no indication that he is born *of* any woman—even the Woman Old, who merely receives him in the manner of a guardian or keeper. As *The Gates of Paradise* in particular makes clear (plates 1, 17), such guardianship of male by female is normal according to Blake's system; the Woman Old, however, breaks out of

tures in "On Homer's Poetry & on Virgil" (*ca.* 1820): "The Classics! it is the Classics, & not Goths nor Monks, that Desolate Europe with Wars." "Rome & Greece swept Art into their maw & destroy'd it; a Warlike State never can produce Art." *Complete Writings*, p. 778. The Fourth Eclogue is echoed in the last chorus of Shelley's *Hellas* ("The world's great age begins anew, / The golden years return;" "A loftier Argo cleaves the main," etc.) in anticipation of such a state as that attained in the last act of *Prometheus Unbound*, when "Saturn and Love their long repose / Shall burst."

[15] Yeats falls somewhere between his predecessors in his conception of the last stage of the reverse regenerative process. Major Gregory's backward journey is presumably one-way, leading to some eternal spiritual state beyond time, like Shelley's ultimate Age of Saturn. Yet in the Goatherd's song the journey stops at Infancy, and the last image is like Blake's without Blake's irony—the human child reunited with the mother to whom he originally was born in time:

> "Till, clambering at the cradle-side,
> He dreams himself his mother's pride,
> All knowledge lost in trance
> Of sweeter ignorance."

the normal female role and undergoes regeneration of her own, also without natural birth. In her rebirth as a "little Female Babe" she springs from the fire on the aged man's hearth (lines 43-44), fire-born as Plato's regenerated dead are "earth-born."

In Blake's own terms, the absence of death is more significant than the absence of birth. "Time is a Man, Space is a Woman, & her Masculine Portion is Death." In *The Gates of Paradise*, which is inscribed "For the Sexes" as "The Mental Traveller" is told about a "Land of Men & Women," liberating death does occur. The man in old age passes out alone through "Death's Door" (plate 15); the woman remains behind, also alone, to preserve the "web" of mortal life (plates 16, 18). In the emblem sequence, deadlock is prevented and the way cleared for deliverance by a series of positive moral acts: "Mutual Forgiveness of each Vice / Such are the Gates of Paradise." Such forgiveness is the direct contrary of that "selfhood" which in Blake's system is the source of all moral evil and which is embodied in both antagonists in the poem. A similar conception is dramatized by Shelley in the same general context with Asia's song; it is by the acts of forgiveness and of pity for his oppressor Jupiter (I, i, 303-304 and 632-634) that Prometheus actually frees himself from bondage and is thereby enabled to make the journey to the "diviner day." But in "The Mental Traveller" forgiveness is lacking, and, because it is, the contending man and woman must continue traveling through their hopeless cycles of ages without release. Although they have immortality of a kind, it is not the freedom beyond time predicted for Asia and Prometheus, but a perpetual imprisonment within time and within space as well, which respectively, male and female, they come to personify. The thin, delusive husk of material existence that shuts out eternity is, in fine, the creation of "the Sexes" themselves.

Thus in Asia's song and "The Mental Traveller" Shelley and Blake are at one in their opposition to the compromise between the ideal of transcendence and the reality of failure and decline that Keats and Wordsworth found in the concept of the ages of man. By implication, Shelley denies that compromise is necessary, and Blake denies that it will work, at any stage in the sequence of ages. Further, within the framework of generally similar conceptions of the nature of man and the universe and a common relationship to Plato's *Statesman*, Shelley and Blake make use of the common pattern of a reversed journey in time for contrary ends. For Shelley, the age-to-infancy retrogression serves as the way to what promises to be absolute transcendence, and the pattern itself tends to disintegrate with the completion of the journey. For Blake, on the other hand, the retrogression, along with other

elements from the original myth, serves as the way to an absolute negation of transcendence of any kind whatsoever, and the pattern is tightened and compressed to become at once more sharply defined and more mechanical in its operations than Plato's.

In the original myth as it is found in the *Statesman*, both possibilities exist, kept from breaking out in either direction from the balance of the whole by the broad, containing pattern of alternating cycles. It is precisely the balance of the whole that both poets are united in rejecting, in the service of their own opposing "absolute" extremes. Both extremes are typical of these two poets and, only less radically and in contexts other than the ages of man, of their contemporaries as well. Along with the rediscovery and reanimation of fundamental patterns of thought and feeling that had been temporarily eclipsed under post-Renaissance rationalism, an important strain of romanticism may well consist in just such a dissolution of old, inherited unities for the purpose of building new ones. The particular historical and literary cross-relationship that has been the subject of this paper serves to illustrate in miniature how both processes can take place together.

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BOOK REVIEWS

THE LIBERTIES OF WIT: HUMANISM, CRITICISM, AND THE CIVIC MIND. By Robert E. Lane. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1961. 141 p.

On principle one should welcome reflections on literary criticism by a political scientist who has published books on *Problems in American Government, The Regulation of Businessmen,* and *Political Life: Why People Get Involved in Politics.* Mr. Lane has read widely in modern English and American criticism: he quotes I. A. Richards, M. Beardsley, W. K. Wimsatt, C. Brooks, Stanley Hyman, W. Empson, Northrop Frye and several others. He writes some good pages (106 ff.) on the human values in the study of literature very reasonably summarizing the diverse claims which have been made. But the bulk of the little book propounds two patently mistaken theses.

The first is based on a completely illogical *non sequitur.* Mr. Lane wants us to accept the argument that literary criticism (or the study of poetry) is "detrimental to the development of civic virtue" (p. 1), that the ways of thinking encouraged by literary criticism "tend systematically to undercut the citizen's capacity to grapple with and understand the political and social world which challenges him on every hand" (p. 3), and that the quality of thought encouraged in literary criticism "may stand in the way of an orderly and flexible society" (p. 72). It is easy enough to show that literary critics contradict each other, that they make subjective judgments, that they are fond of ambiguity, indulge in metaphors, and are not interested in a systematic verification of their pronouncements. Even granted that all this is true, Mr. Lane makes no effort to show that literary criticism significantly differs in these respects from other realms of scholarship and life. In candid moments Mr. Lane admits that even social scientists contradict each other and use words ambiguously (pp. 28, 98). Oddly enough his prize example of loose critical thinking comes from Vernon Parrington's use of the word "romance" as analyzed by Mr. Trilling (pp. 97-98). Mr. Lane apparently does not realize that Parrington should be classed rather as a historian of social and political ideas than a literary critic proper. Not only is literary criticism quite arbitrarily singled out as an example for the quarrels of scholars, the confusions of terms, and the subjectivity of judgments, but no attempt is made to solve the crucial issue posed by Mr. Lane.

How could one possibly prove that literary criticism has the detrimental effect on political and social thinking which he assumes? How could one isolate its effects from the effects of hundreds of other educational influences, many of which are obviously much more pervasive and much more powerful: the family, the school, radio, television, the newspapers, and books in all or almost all fields of human endeavor? The pitiful examples of loose thinking Mr. Lane produces from the *Emory Alumnus* (pp. 70-71) or from crude interviews about trade unions (pp. 85-86) are not only utterly haphazard but surely pronounced by people untouched by literary criticism. Mr. Lane's argument is totally unconvincing. "Civic virtue," "democratic citizenship," etc. are subverted by ignorance, prejudice, fanaticism, and other human failings and not by literary criticism.

Mr. Lane's remedy for the situation is equally mistaken. He would like to reform literary criticism by turning it into a social science. Concretely he would like to have literary critics study such questions as the effect of a literary work of art on its readers by statistical, quantitative, "objective" methods in order to establish causal relations. "Verification," "operationalization," "experimental evidence," "testing," and most frequently "researchable" are his key terms. No wonder that the only literary critic who appeals to him is I. A. Richards—"our man," "a giant figure in the history of criticism" (p. 42)—though even *Practical Criticism* is found wanting in rigor of method, "controls," information about the "subjects" of the experiments, etc. I would not deny the interest of empirical investigations of readers' responses, but I cannot see why such a marginal subject should be offered as a panacea for the ills of literary criticism. One can imagine the trivialities and masses of irrelevant information that might be produced by teams of "researchers" using the opinion polls, questionnaires, and laboratory techniques of our social scientists. The whole preposterous proposal is based on Mr. Lane's bland assumption that there is only one scientific method and ideal—causal explanation through quantification. His outlook is resolutely and completely provincial. Though he alludes occasionally to Aristotle, Coleridge, Croce, and other critics of the past, he obviously sees the whole history of thought as a simple progression toward the glories of American behavioral sciences without ever realizing that—even within the precincts of the social sciences—he holds a local, temporal creed which tries to break with the great tradition of political and social thought in favor of "researchable" and quantifiable inquiries into the vagaries of our society. This provincialism precludes him from seeing that the conflict he describes as that between science and criticism is *not* a conflict between social science as it was understood throughout history since Plato and Aristotle and criticism but only a conflict between criticism and the science of the statisticians, pollsters, lab men, etc. who have come to dominate some American social sciences in the last thirty years.

It would be an error to dismiss this book as an excursion of an outsider into an unfamiliar field. It is rather a serious symptom of the time—an example of the imperialism of a method which, if victorious, would dehumanize the study of literature, and finally bring about the extinction of literary criticism and scholarship.

R. W.

AUTONOMIA ED ETERONOMIA DELL'ARTE: SAGGIO DI FENOMENOLOGIA DELLE POETICHE. By Luciano Anceschi. Rev. ed. Florence: Vallecchi, 1959. 302 p.

In this essay, long out of print, Anceschi began in 1936 an investigation of poetry and the arts that he has continued to the present. Its reissue now invites the consideration of a number of problems relevant to the history of twentieth-century Italian literature. Anceschi's two anthologies, *Lirici nuovi* (Milan, 1942) and *Lirica del novecento* (in collaboration with Sergio Antonielli, Florence, 1953), have done much to bring full recognition and parity to modern Italian poetry. More recently, his magazine *Il Verri* has provided a forum for the practice of a kind of literary criticism heavily oriented toward philosophy and theory, familiar in Italy since the founding of Croce's *La Critica*. That Anceschi's basic premises differ from Croce's goes without saying.

But the importance of *Autonomia ed eteronomia* does not lie only in the context of Anceschi's own work. It also happens to be an unheralded but fundamental text, documenting the moment at which a change in perspective led to the official consecration of hermeticism and to the final assimilation into Italian literary tradition of what Italian critics like to call "European" (that is, extra-Italian) tendencies. Indeed, together with Walter Binni's *La poetica del decadentismo*, also first published in 1936, *Autonomia ed eteronomia* marks a turning point. *La poetica del decadentismo*, reissued in 1949, is generally recognized as one of the first important discussions of symbolism in Italy. It may be strange to think that in studying the Italian offshoots of symbolism Binni was merely taking up where Vittorio Pica's *Letteratura d'eccezione* (Milan, 1898) had left off. The intervening years had seen the growth of wider familiarity with the literary *avant-garde*, but it remained for Anceschi and Binni to gain entry for "decadentism" and "pure poetry" into Italian academic life, and it was they who opened up the whole domain of "art for art's sake" in foreign literatures to young men then just turning twenty. Both *Poetica* and *Autonomia* grew out of doctoral dissertations (University of Pisa and University of Milan), and the work of the Florentine hermeticists, Oreste Macrì, Mario Luzi, Alessandro Parronchi, and of others of their generation was to attest subsequently to the viability of the ideas and preferences expressed in the two books. (Cf. Antoine Fongaro, "Note pour la Bibliographie de Mallarmé en Italie," *Studi Francesi*, N. 10, Jan.-Apr. 1960, p. 94, note.)

Autonomia ed eteronomia is a comparative study in the fullest sense. Primarily a historical examination of the concept of "pure poetry," from the middle of the sixteenth century, through the nexus Poe-Baudelaire, to the familiar association of Verlaine, Rimbaud, and Mallarmé, it passes unhesitatingly from one literature and one language to the other, pursuing the ever more distinct figuration of uncommitted art. If it ignores Italian writers completely (except for passing mention of the Neoplatonist school of the Renaissance), this is due to the fact that their relation to symbolism, conscious and more often not, had not yet been extricated. Mario Praz in *La carne, la morte e il diavolo nella letteratura romantica* (Milan-Rome, 1930) had, it is true, pointed out a number of "decadent" instances in Italian literature, especially in D'Annunzio. But Binni's *Poetica*, the first systematic examination of the movement in Italian literature, could hardly have served as a source for Anceschi. Nor did Anceschi find paths that led to Italy in another study of those same years, a work to which he owes much: Marcel Raymond's *De Baudelaire au surréalisme* (Paris, 1933). Only later, upon the groundwork laid in the 1930s, were Italian writers of the late nineteenth century reread in a new light. It was then that the importance of the Scapigliatura became evident, and that Pascoli was read no longer in a sentimental key, but as a forerunner of the twentieth century. (See, for instance, Pier Paolo Pasolini, "La nostra storia," *Officina*, N. 1, May 1955.) In *Autonomia* Anceschi, unintentionally perhaps, provided a framework which made this possible: he presented the model, or better still, various models, against which the indigenous product could be tested.

Of course, reading *Autonomia* from this historical point of view troubles the perspective from which Anceschi himself was writing. For, as he says in his new introduction: "La difesa del principio astratto dell'autonomia dell'arte non è stato lo scopo ideale della ricerca" (p. xxi). Nor is the first part of the book, 235 pages, considered the most important by the author. With the rigidity of the neophyte he stakes his all on methodological questions, underlining his disagreement with

idealism, and rallying to the position of his mentor and teacher, Antonio Banfi. Banfi had begun "to free the concept of the autonomy of art from its dogmatic limitations" (p. xvi) in an early work, *Il principio trascendentale dell'autonomia dell'arte* (1924). Anceschi was to arrive at the formulation of a "transcendental," i.e., metaphysical, law: "la legge fondamentale del rapporto autonomia-eteronomia" (p. xvii), by examining the concept of "pure poetry" in its successive manifestations. It may take a little effort to understand exactly what he means by saying that in his investigation "a certain manner of reading Valéry crossed with a certain manner of reading Husserl" (p. xvii), but there can be no doubt that this consolidation was important for Italian literature. As Anceschi puts it in another connection (L. Anceschi, "Estetica e poetica," *Il Verri*, N. 3, Spring 1957, pp. 61-64), the hold which Croce had on Italian criticism was giving way. Without entering into the polemics of the situation, it is worth while to note that Anceschi defined his interpretation of a theory of poetry as opposed to Binni's as phenomenology vs. idealism (*loc. cit.*).

But we are interested in these distinctions mainly for what they tell us of the intellectual temper of those years. Many vague references have been made to the influence in reverse which political and cultural nationalism had on Italian thought and literature. The role played by American writers has been brought into sharp relief, though no comprehensive study of it has as yet appeared. The contribution of France remains more shadowy. Paris had so long been Italy's link with foreign literatures that there could be no novelty in the situation. On the other hand, it was here, around the question of the independence of art from nonartistic contaminations, that Anceschi's generation first gathered: "una volontà di difesa contro l'indiscrezione di una politica invadente dava forza morale ad un principio che la realtà dell'arte esprimeva da se stessa, per se stessa" (p. ix). This explains why, in spite of some protestations to the contrary, the defense of the principle of "pure" art imbues Anceschi's best pages with eloquence. When Anceschi speaks of Coleridge, Keats, Rimbaud, his generally thorny and unengaging manner of writing gives way to the directness of enthusiasm. It is these pages which must have spoken most intimately to poets.

OLGA RAGUSA

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STEFAN GEORGE: A STUDY OF HIS EARLY WORK. By Ulrich K. Goldsmith. Boulder: University of Colorado Press, 1959. viii, 172 p. (University of Colorado Studies, Series in Language and Literature, No. 7.)

This is a smoothly written and thoroughly documented account of George's early production and of the literary and historical background against which it must be viewed—necessarily so since George, to an even greater degree than other modern poets, was not only creator but *Kulturkritiker*. Not only the poetry but all other expressions of his being, even speech, manner, and dress, were considered protests; in his opening chapter, Professor Goldsmith has staged an impressive, if somewhat discouraging, "marchpast" of all the individuals, movements, and institutions against which his protests were directed.

The author does justice, in fact, to both Georgian dimensions, the creative no less than the analytical, by skillfully interweaving interpretation, biography, and literary history. His translations from George fall short of the standard estab-

lished by the Valhope-Morwitz rendition (New York, 1943); but, although he modestly disclaims any intention of rendering the rhyme as well as the tone and content (p. vii), he always translates competently and at times very well indeed. No one, surely, will quarrel with his method of presenting, generally on the same page, the German original in the form of a footnote.

Enough biographical material is provided for a clear outline of the poet's life and of the position which a number of contemporaries like Hofmannsthal, Ida Coblenz-Dehmel, Mallarmé, and Rilke occupied in it. Especially instructive in this regard is Goldsmith's restrained description of Maximilian Kronberger alias "Maximin." It is not the author's fault if—once again!—one comes away from reading about the "Maximinerlebnis" with an uncathartic feeling of clamminess. One cannot help thinking that something was "wrong" with this central event in George's adult life: nothing immoral, but a human and aesthetic insufficiency which drove George to transform, in an embarrasingly sophomoric fashion, a perfectly average young man into the hero of the *Gedenkbuch*. Perhaps the author himself had this reaction; at any rate, he has anticipated (and, therefore, largely neutralized) it by a nicely chosen propitiatory motto from the passage in Mann's *Death in Venice* where Aschenbach beholds Tadzio transfigured:

"Statue and mirror! His eyes encompassed the noble figure there at the edge of the blue, and in an upsurge of enchantment he believed that with his glance he grasped the beautiful itself, form as God's thought, the one and pure perfection, which lives in the spirit and of which a human image and parable was here lightly and gracefully raised up for adoration" (p. 103).

Goldsmith refrains, perhaps wisely so, from dotting too many *i's* and crossing too many *t's*—in this instance, from pointing out the similarity between George-Maximin and Leverkühn-Nepomuk in Mann's *Doktor Faustus*, where George himself appears, thinly veiled, as "der Dichter Daniel zur Höhe in seinem Priesterkleide." In other instances, however, it seems to this reviewer that the author has been overly careful in eschewing any and all references to analogous figures and circumstances. It is true that this is a book on George and not a history of German literature. Even so, a mention not only of Goethe and Schiller, but of other such pairings might not have been amiss when discussing George's regret that Hofmannsthal would not join him in forming "a salutary dictatorship in our literature" (p. 47). Dealing with the same problem in much the same tone, Franz Liszt once wrote that he had "visions of a new art period . . . in which Wagner and I would have been the leaders, as Goethe and Schiller were before..." (Letter of Dec. 16, 1856, trans. F. Hueffer), and there are other such parallels which could have been drawn without detriment to the central argument. For example, George's cultivation of his Dantesque appearance—"despite the fact that no one really knows what Dante really looked like" (p. 109), a statement whose relevance is doubtful; thanks to Giotto we *think* we know what Dante looked like, and that is all that matters in this connection—is not only further proof of George's exoticism, but a pendant to similar tendencies in other literary figures of the period: to the Wilhelmian mustaches of the young Wildenbruch and the young Liliencron, and to the facial expression, hair style, and measured gait which Hauptmann cultivated in his role as Goethe Redivivus.

These small objections, however, do not detract from Goldsmith's great merit in presenting the young George as he really was—not as great a poet as was once thought, nor as clear-eyed a seer as he liked to consider himself, and certainly a lesser reformer than Nietzsche or Langbehn (the latter, incidentally, is nowhere

mentioned in the book), but, still, a superb lyric poet and translator. In stressing George's will to power, Goldsmith has added a highly characteristic touch; this is, perhaps, the quality which most sets him apart from his great fellow lyricists Rilke and Hofmannsthal, to whom it would never have occurred to reply, as George did when told of Napoleon's "j'aime le pouvoir comme artiste"—"[Et moi,] j'aime l'art comme pouvoir!" (p. 121). How great Goldsmith's achievement is in thus presenting a George *sine ira et studio* is best gauged if we remember the poet's particular historical situation. Of all the twentieth-century German authors, none have been more idolized by their followers, and few have been more vilified by their detractors, than Stefan George. This fine book will go far toward redressing the balance.

WOLFGANG LEPPMANN

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ASIA AND THE HUMANITIES. Edited by Horst Frenz. Bloomington: Comparative Literature Committee, Indiana University, 1959. 232 p.

The papers in this volume, which is skillfully edited by Horst Frenz, were given in 1958 before the Second Conference on Oriental-Western Literary and Cultural Relations at Indiana University. Grouped under the general headings of Literature, Philosophy, the Arts, Cultural Values, and Cultural Understanding, the essays vary considerably in subject, length, and importance. All of them, however, contribute in some degree to their professed aim of exploring "the relationship between our Western cultural heritage and the culture of Asiatic peoples."

The first part of the book deals mainly with Japanese and Chinese literature. Howard Hibbett gives a sensitive analysis of the transitional Japanese novel, pointing out qualities of style and texture which are still perceptible in Japanese fiction. Chinese literature is discussed by Chun-Jo Liu, who examines five modern novels and their relationship in subject and form to European fiction. Similarly, David Y. Chen describes three plays of Ts'ao Yu and shows their indebtedness in theme and stagecraft to Western drama. An especially interesting and penetrating critical essay is James Baird's inquiry into the uses of Orientalism by Western poets. This section concludes with some suggestions by Alfred Marks on the translation of Japanese *waka* and *haiku*, a brief article by Saburo Ota on the introduction of Walt Whitman's poetry to Japanese readers, and a slender essay by Teodoro M. Locsin on English-language works by contemporary Filipino writers.

In the area of philosophy, Charles A. Moore's two Mahlon Powell lectures are remarkably successful despite their oversimplification of Asian thought and their exaggerated reliance on comparative philosophy as a key to East-West harmony. Despite these limitations, which their author recognizes and which, indeed, may be inevitable in dealing with so broad a topic, the essays are major contributions to the book. Kurt F. Leidecker ably discusses a number of European authors who have written about Buddhism, often without understanding it. The final paper on philosophy is Y. P. Mei's "Oriental-Western Thought"; it consists of casual remarks on the preceding papers and would perhaps appear to better advantage in the discussion section at the end of the book.

Two essays are devoted to the arts: Walter Kaufmann's classification of Indian *ragas* and John D. Mitchell's description of the theater in India and Southeast Asia. The former is technical and specialized; the latter is a general discussion

of commercial and noncommercial theater groups and their performances in India and Thailand.

The book's three articles on cultural values are contributions by Asian political figures and, being "embassy lectures," they are optimistic in tone and generally unprovocative in content. Dr. Nugroho, minister counselor of the Indonesian Embassy, discusses some of the problems of the Asian man in finding a satisfactory synthesis of Western culture and his native heritage. S. M. Haq of the Pakistani Embassy describes Western influences on Pakistan as well as that country's faith in social justice. This section concludes with Ambassador U Win's summary of Burmese religion, art, music, and literature. He consciously "introduces" modern Burmese culture to an audience assumed to know little about it.

The much-debated question of cultural understanding is the subject of three brief papers, none of which attempt the thoroughness of Professor Moore's investigation of philosophy as a bridge between cultures. Kurt F. Leidecker stresses the potential influence of Buddhism as a factor in understanding. Teodoro M. Locsin contends that the international press, which could help considerably, is too prejudiced and uninformed to do so. John D. Mitchell emphasizes the need for more cultural exchange between East and West. These papers are followed by a symposium on the inadequacy of Asian studies in our universities. The comments of G. L. Anderson on the need for academic integrity in the interdisciplinary Asian course are particularly incisive.

Some of the authors in this collection have done themselves as well as the editor a disservice by offering papers which attempted little and give too much evidence of haste. Contributors to the book, as well as to the conference that preceded its publication, should have offered nothing short of their best efforts. Perhaps the ultimate value of the Indiana conference and of this book lies in the impulse which both give to the continued study of our cultural relations with the East. The importance of a closer understanding between East and West was recently suggested by Huston Smith when he wrote that, when historians eventually look back upon our years, "they may remember them not for the release of nuclear power nor the spread of Communism but as the time in which all the peoples of the world first had to take one another seriously." The authors of this volume have taken a serious look at East-West cultural relations and, though a few have looked without much penetration, the total work is a stimulating treatment of a subject which requires our continued attention.

DAVID MEAD

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MÖRIKE'S "MOZART AUF DER REISE NACH PRAG." By Franz H. Mautner. Krefeld: Scherpe-Verlag, 1957. 42 p.

The article on Mörike's prose masterpiece which Professor Mautner first published in *PMLA* in 1945 is one of the finest critical appraisals of a work of German literature ever to appear in this country. Its separate republication, with minor additions, was entirely justified, even though the European publisher was not able to fulfill the author's intention of commemorating simultaneously the 200th anniversary of Mozart's birth and the centennial of the novella.

Mautner's essay remains as crucial and indispensable today as it was in 1945. Other appraisals, like those of Benno von Wiese, may add significantly to this one but cannot supersede it. No new appraisal of the narrative should be either written or read without a rereading of Mautner's article. As Mörike created a story on Mozart in the spirit of Mozart's personality and music, so Mautner achieved an essay on the narrative style of Mörike in the author's own spirit. Through thematic content, imagery, and the color, meaning, and form of the narrator's language, Mautner traces Mörike's technique of balancing, harmonizing, and synthesizing the antitheses of gaiety and pathos in Mozart. Precisely at the heart of the story, Mozart's relation of the memories evoked in him as he plucked the orange, Mautner rises to his most brilliant critical analysis: that of the Neapolitan water pageant as a statement and synthesis of these polarities, an analogue of the sonata form, a symbol of Mozart's musical style, and a symbol of Mörike's own literary art as well.

Because of its emphasis on balance and harmonious synthesis, the essay occasionally displays a certain justifiable but overly anxious sensitivity to any interpretation of detail that might disturb the balance and tip the scale toward the tragic side. Since the essay as a whole is concerned with elements of which Mörike was conscious, a question of twentieth-century literary criticism, the story's exemplification of "Biedermeier" in relation to rococo, classicism, and romanticism, ought perhaps only to have been approached implicitly. Mörike was not merely unaware of literary connotations of Biedermeier; he did not attach exactly the same meanings to the romantic and the classic as we do today and could at most have caught fleeting glimpses of his story in the light of such criteria. On the other hand, he was concerned with the rococo in a special sense which the essay does not quite bring out: as a cultural era congenial to the artistic spirit of Mozart but more limited and transitory than the latter. The harmonious and fruitful union between a gracious but artificial era of cultural history and a transcendently universal artistic genius is the subject of the story's plot, just as the fusion of light gaiety and tragic pathos is consciously embodied in its style. But precisely in this story style outweighs everything else, and so the most important questions will remain those that have been asked and correctly answered by Franz Mautner.

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VARIA

Addenda to Spitzer Bibliography

I owe most of these additions to my selected bibliography of Leo Spitzer, published in *Comparative Literature*, XII (1960), 330-334, to the diligence and kindness of Miss Virginia MacIvor.

A. Books

(4a) *Betrachtungen eines Linguisten über Houston Stewart Chamberlains Kriegsaufsätze und die Sprachbewertung im allgemeinen.* Leipzig, 1918.

(4b) *Fremdwörterhatz und Fremdvölkerhaß. Eine Streitschrift gegen Sprachreinigung.* Vienna, 1918.

B. Articles

(2a) "Zur stilistischen Bedeutung des Imperfekts der Rede," *Germanisch-romanische Monatsschrift*, IX (1921), 58-60.

(10a) "Zur 'Passion' und zur syntaktischen Interpretation," *Zeitschrift für französische Sprache und Literatur*, LVIII (1934), 437-447.

(19a) "Au sujet de la répétition distinctive," *Le Français moderne*, IV (1936), 129-135.

(25a) "Le prénom possessif devant un hypocoristique," *Revue des Études indo-européennes*, I (1939), 2-4, 5-17.

(25b) "Reseñas" [Review of Félix Lecoy's *Recherches sur le Libro de Buen Amor de Juan Ruiz, archiprêtre de Hita*, Paris, 1938], *Revista de Filología Hispánica*, I (1939), 266-274.

(30a) "Notas sintáctico-estilísticas a propósito del español 'que,'" *Revista de Filología Hispánica*, IV (1942), 105-126, 253-265.

(35a) Correspondence on Robert Hall, "State of Linguistics: Crisis or Reaction?" *Modern Language Notes*, LXI (1946), 497-502.

(35c) "The Style of *Don Quixote*," in *Cervantes Across the Centuries*, ed. Angel Flores and M. J. Benardete, New York, 1947, pp. 94-100.

(40a) "Analyse d'une chanson de Noël anglaise du 14ème siècle, 'I sing of a maiden,'" *Archivum linguisticum*, II (1950), 74-76.

(74a) "La particella 'si' davanti all'aggettivo nel romanzo stendhaliano *Armance*," *Studi francesi*, VIII, (1959), 199-213.

(77a) "For de la bella cayba," *Lettere Italiane*, XII (1960), 133-140. Not identical with piece of same title in A 24.

(77b) "Matthias Claudius' *Abendlied*," *Euphorion*, LIV (1960), 70-82.

C. Comment on Spitzer

(3a) Claire Eileen Craddock, *Style Theories as Found in Stylistic Studies of Romance Scholars, 1900-1950*, Washington, D.C.: Catholic University of America, 1952.

(6) Emerico Giachery, "Metodo e umanità di Leo Spitzer," *Marsia*, III (1959), 90-103.

(6a) Angela Bianchini, "Gli ultimi anni italiani di Leo Spitzer," *L'Europa letteraria*, I (1960), 167-169.

(6b) Gustav Siebenmann, "Leo Spitzer (1887-1960)", *Vox Romanica*, XIX (1960), 409-418.
(7) H. Hatzfeld, "Necrology: Leo Spitzer, 1887-1960," *Hispanic Review*, XXIX (1961), 54-57.
(8) Yakov Malkiel, "Necrology: Leo Spitzer," *Romance Philology*, XIV (1961), 362-364.
(9) Emerico Giachery, "Leo Spitzer (1887-1960)," *Belfagor*, XVI (1961), 441-463.

RENÉ WELLEK

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Gabriele d'Annunzio's French Writings Again

In his excellent and widely ranging study of "The French Writings of Gabriele d'Annunzio" *(Comparative Literature*, XII, 1960, 207-208), Professor Giovanni Gullace speaks of a "labored stylistic refinement characteristic of D'Annunzio" (p. 211), and he is surely right. But in expanding his statement he goes on to say that "At times his [D'Annunzio's] French phrases seem to be a translation from his native tongue:

> "Assises dans le sang du soleil moribond,
> près des noirs cygnes nés de l'ombre des carènes,
> plus d'une fois j'ai vu les divines Sirènes
> et j'ai miré mon rêve en leur regard profond."

Mr. Gullace then comments: "The 'soleil moribond' (sole moribondo), the 'regard profond' (sguardo profondo), and the 'j'ai miré' (mirai) are images and expressions whose transposition from Italian is clearly noticeable." Is this perhaps unfair to D'Annunzio? Are these phrases really so clearly transpositions from Italian?

It is, of course, obvious that the particular French phrases have their parallels in Italian—as do many other phrases in these four lines. But certainly the student of French letters recognizes these images and expressions as equally at home in French. For the "regard profond," to take one example among a host, Balzac reports that Vautrin had such a look (*Le Père Goriot*, Paris, 1869, p. 314). "J'ai miré" is archaic French, but the romantics, who enjoyed such phrases, had revived it and Victor Hugo wrote in *Hernani* (I, ii):

> ".... Vous aimez madame et ses yeux noirs,
> Vous y venez mirer les vôtres tous les soirs."

"Soleil moribond," the third of the phrases, is indeed unusual in French, as Mr. Gullace suggests. But it occurs at least once, and in such a conspicuous spot—Baudelaire, "Recueillement," line 12—that it, too, had certainly acquired *droit de cité* in French by the time of D'Annunzio, who could easily have recalled the phrase from Baudelaire.

For a foreigner to write French verse that does not suggest or reflect his native tongue is, of course, difficult. It may be true that D'Annunzio's French is at times a translation from Italian. But, if so, perhaps it might be well to adduce other examples to support the point.

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